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CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN . *Drawing by Wilfred Jones*
FRONTISPIECE . . . . . *Thomas Mott Osborne (Photograph)*
THE VISION THAT CAME TO THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE . . *Frank Tannenbaum* 7
RELIGION AND MENTAL HEALTH . . . . *A. Eustace Haydon* 12
A SOUTHERN TEXTILE EPOCH . . . . . *Harold P. Marley* 17
CONTRASTS IN A POST-WAR GENERATION *Jane Addams* 21
A MEXICAN INTERPRETATION OF MEXICO. Mexican Fine and Applied Art . . . . . *Rene d'Harnoncourt* 26
FAMINE AND FAMINE RELIEF IN CHINA *Grover Clark* 30
BALLAD OF THE GOLDEN HANDS OF LIONEL LICORISH . *Sarah N. Cleghorn* 32
DON'T PARK HERE . *Mary Edna McChristie* 34
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK . . . . . *Frances Sage Bradley, M.D.* 38
THE COMMITTEE ON THE UNIVERSE . . *John Palmer Gavit* 39
LETTERS & LIFE . *Edited by Leon Whipple* 41
UNTIL YESTERDAY . *A poem by Regino Pedroso* 43
TRAVELER'S NOTEBOOK 54

The Gist of It

FRANK TANNENBAUM brings more than friendship and loyalty to his interpretation of Thomas Mott Osborne as the most original and creative figure in the field of prison reform that America has produced. Mr. Tannenbaum had his first contact with prisons with the inside of one, when as a youngster he led a procession of hunger marchers in a black winter in New York, and was lodged in the penitentiary. The quality of the young leader, his nascent capacities, attracted widespread attention and many friends in all walks of life have followed his subsequent career as he worked his way through college and made his mark as a research worker and writer. Nor did Frank Tannenbaum abandon the problem which this youthful experience had laid bare to him. He carried out a scrutiny of American prison conditions for one of the leading American magazines. These were touched with psychological insight. It was natural for friends of the late Thomas Mott Osborne to put the wealth of materials growing out of his experiences at Auburn and Sing Sing at Mr. Tannenbaum's disposal; and the Social Science Research Council financed the appraisal.

Mr. Tannenbaum spent some time in Mexico and gathered the materials for the annual racial number of Survey Graphic for 1924 (May), with its articles by Calles and other outstanding Mexican men and women. Thereafter Mr. Tannenbaum settled into a long-range piece of research in connection with the Institute of Economics (Washington, D. C.), out of which grew his volume on the Mexican land problem, which has been hailed south of the border as the most distinguished contribution by any outsider to the basic problems confronting the new republic. This past summer Mr. Tannenbaum has been visiting village schools throughout Mexico, mule-back and by motor, as a basis for interpreting the federal scheme of rural education. Page 7.

A. EUSTACE HAYDON, who writes, page 12, of the new confidence of mankind's religious beliefs, is professor of history of religions and director of the department of comparative religion at the University of Chicago. Professor Haydon's article is the third of our series on fundamental aspects of mental hygiene in the modern world. Discussions from the points of view of the Roman Catholic Church and of liberal Protestantism are published in conjunction with Professor Haydon's article; the former by the REVEREND PAUL HANLY FURFEY, instructor in sociology at The Catholic University, Washington, D. C.; the latter by HARRISON ELLIOTT, director of the department of religious education and psychology at Union Theological Seminary.

BASED on research and on personal experience as pastor of the Disciples Church in Greensboro, North Carolina, HAROLD P. MARLEY tells, page 17, the story of what happens to individuals and to communities when industrial paternalism attempts to substitute "kindness" for good wages, hours, and working conditions. Mr. Marley is now pastor of the Unitarian Church at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

THERE is a chapter which JANE ADDAMS calls Post-War Inhibitions in her book, Second Twenty Years at Hull-House, which is to be brought out in Macmillan's fall list. In that chapter Miss Addams traverses ground more or less familiar to Survey readers—the overhang of wartime repressions and fears, and their costly impingement on freedom for thought, action and aspiration. There is a companion chapter in which she explores newer ground—some of the affirmative forces at work in this same period; the quickening interest in foreign affairs, and the loosening of the texture of social habits and standards in our domestic life. Contrasts in a Post-War Generation (page 21) is the subject of the sixth of those advance instalments from the book, published in Survey Graphic throughout the past twelve months, which have marked the beginning of a fifth decade at Hull-House.

"I HAVE seen famine," GROVER CLARK writes, as he describes, page 30, what is being done to feed the millions dying of hunger in China today, and to prevent such disasters in the future. Mr. Clark, for ten years editor of the Peking Leader, spent seven months last winter in active relief administration for the China International Famine Relief Commission.

IN her ballad of twentieth century courage and gallantry, SARAH N. CLEGHORN, well-known as a writer both of prose and verse, commemorates the sinking of the Vestris on November 12, 1928, and the heroism of Lionel Licorish, a Negro member of the crew who saved more than a score of lives. Page 32.

FROM the records of six hundred cases that have passed before her, MARY EDNA MCCHRISTIE, referee in the Cincinnati court of domestic relations, takes the tale of Jimmy, and his Martha. Page 34.

FRANCES SAGE BRADLEY, M.D., who has been a member of the state health departments in Montana and Arkansas, and was for many years a special agent for the Federal Children's Bureau, is now a resident of Kentucky, where lives the rural nurse whose strenuous day she describes, page 38.

REGINO PEDROSO is a young Chinese-Negro poet who works in an iron foundry in Havana, and writes his verse in Spanish. The English adaptation of his poem, page 43, was made by LANGSTON HUGHES, one of the younger American poets who has already published two books of verse, Weary Blues, and Fine Clothes to the Jew (Knopf).

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Underwood & Underwood Studios, N. Y.

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

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The Vision That Came to Thomas Mott Osborne

By FRANK TANNENBAUM

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE was born and reared in the shadow of Auburn Prison, whose gray walls guard the entrance to his native city and for more than a hundred years have been its most impressive landmark. As a child he was taken inside the prison gates and in later years wrote of the impression made upon him:

> The dark, scowling faces bent over their tasks; the hideous striped clothing, which carried with it an inexplainable sense of shame; the ugly, close-cropped heads and unshaven faces; the horrible sinuous lines of outcast humanity crawling along in the dreadful lockstep—the whole thing aroused such terror in my imagination that I never recovered from the painful impression. All the nightmares and evil dreams of my childhood centered about the figure of the escaped convict.

It was in this prison, forty years later, and at his instigation, that for the first time in the history of Auburn, for the first time in the history of any prison in the country, the fourteen hundred convicts met together under their own officers, without any guards, with the freedom accorded to an ordinary assemblage of men. In the five succeeding months the hard, unbending penal system which for over a hundred years had known no rule but force, no law but that of the guard, no voice but that of the official, and no discipline but that which was imposed from above, were changed to make the prisoners participants in the responsibility for good government inside the prison. With that change came profound effects upon the lives, character, health, and temper of the men in Auburn; a lasting challenge to the whole scheme of penal administration in America, now as then; a challenge driven home all the harder by the prison mutinies of recent years.

Osborne's political career had served to stimulate his interest in human beings confined "within prison walls." As mayor of the City of Auburn, as Democratic leader of upper New York, as an active citizen concerned with the social and political problems of a modern community, he early became convinced that it was "folly to keep criminals locked up for years at society's expense, and turn them out as bad as they came in—or worse." Thus we find him describing a visit to four young boys lodged in the county jail:

> . . . in the usual evil-smelling and ill-lighted iron cage, herding with the usual collection of smoking, swearing vagabonds and criminals; eagerly absorbing all the vice and deviltry that such dregs of a community exude.
>
> "What do you do?" said I.
>
> "We are not allowed to do anything," said H.
>
> "We've asked to be allowed to work with those who are breaking stone," remarked Z., "but they won't let us."
>
> "Then you stay around here doing nothing all day?" said I.
>
> "Yes," replied H., "we have to run around the table for exercise."
>
> "Yes," whispered M., "and we have been here four weeks now, and we can't get a bath."
>
> "How about the men who work," said I. "Do they get baths?"
>
> "No; when a man is through

Tom Brown at Auburn

A year ago, Auburn Prison was the scene of one of the prison mutinies. Sixteen years ago it was also front page news. Then the headlines told of the strange adventures there of Thomas Mott Osborne, his self-imprisonment, his astonishing trust in prisoners as human beings, and the way they rose to it. At Auburn and later at Sing Sing, he stirred a controversy that ranged from wild acclaim to bitter personal attack. In this and succeeding articles, Mr. Tannenbaum will set forth as never before the inside story of it all—based on a year's study of extensive autobiographical writings, grand jury proceedings, and a great treasure trove of letters that passed between Tom Brown and his prison friends.

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his term and is going out, he gets a bath; but that's all."

His wide contacts with all sorts of men, his unusual capacity for friendship, led to his acquaintance not only with first offenders but with those who for one reason or another had been incarcerated as felons. The friendship of a man confined in Sing Sing gave him an insight into that and other state prisons. Released convicts used to come to Osborne's house and talk about their experiences and about the possibility of directing the corroding passions of the silent prison to some healthier channels.

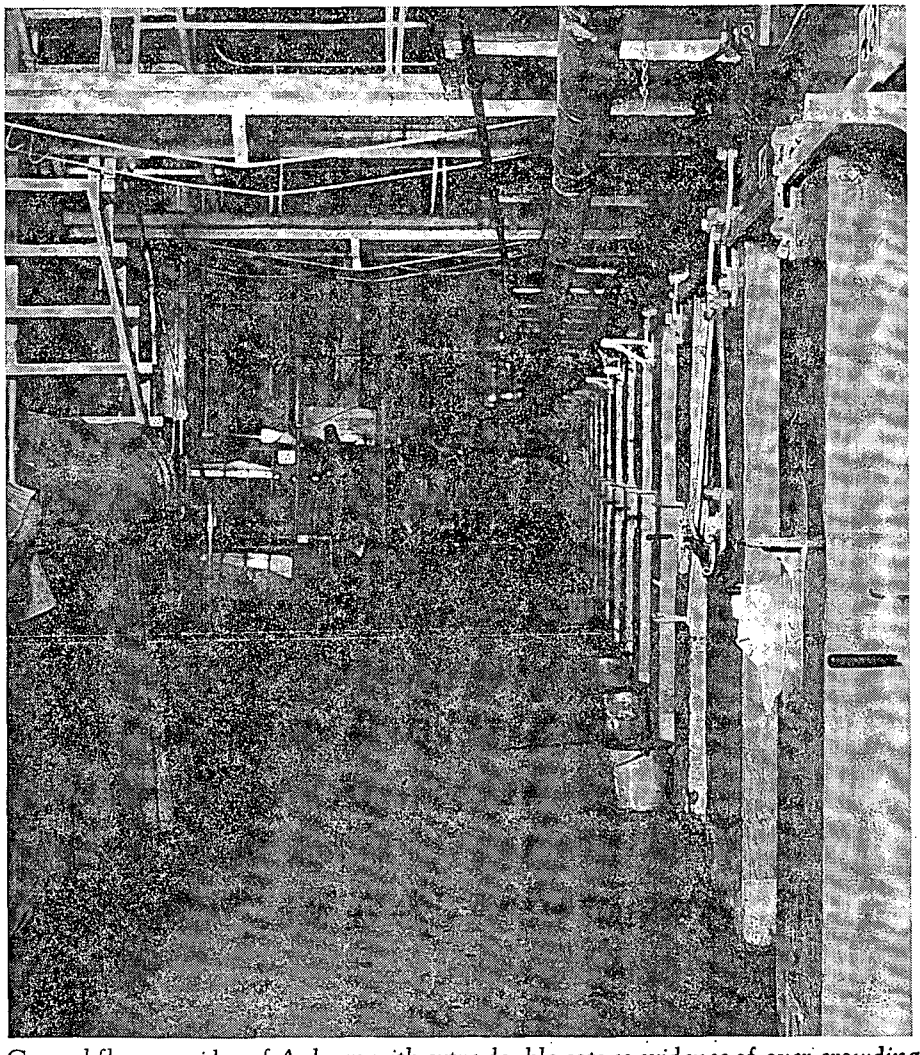
His interest in civic matters brought him in touch with the George Junior Republic as far back as 1896, and he served as chairman of its board of directors for fifteen years. This original farm-school for wayward boys and girls had adopted the method of community organization as a means for cultivating that sense of responsibility which is the essence of character. The Republic at Freeville supplied a background for much of Osborne's thinking and later career. When Mr. George suggested the possibility of using the same method in the administration of prisons, Osborne was skeptical. Nevertheless the continuing influence of this experience led him to modify his point of view and gradually develop the theory of prison administration which he was to apply with revolutionary consequences to the management of three great institutions. Even as far back as 1904, speaking before the American Prison Association then holding an important meeting in Albany, Osborne said:

Outside the walls a man must choose between work and idleness, between honesty and crime. Why not let him teach himself these lessons before he goes out? Such things are best learned by experience. . . . So inside your walls you must have courts and laws to protect those who are working, from the idle thief. And we must rest assured that the laws would be made and the laws could be enforced. The prison must be an institution where every inmate must have the largest practicable amount of individual freedom, because "it is liberty that fits men for liberty."

One thing to be noted in this statement is the philosophy of action. The emphasis is upon experience, upon doing, and not upon preaching, moralizing, instructing, educating, reforming. It is clearly implied here that if one could so arrange the penal system as to get men to do the desirable kind of things, one might ultimately expect them to become desirable men. It is this theory, derived from a different channel, which has been a mainspring in much of the educational endeavor of the last quarter century.

YEARS passed, however, before Thomas Mott Osborne became an active participant in prison reform. Yet he kept wondering and conjecturing about it. One day in 1912, while at home because of illness, he read Donald Lowrie's My Life in Prison. He was profoundly stirred by this book. The problem it put became a matter of increasing moment in his life and ultimately came to dominate all of his public career. After that, every time he appeared in public to deliver an address he chose to speak in a way to help raise the whole question of prison reform in the State of New York, and when William Sultzer became governor in 1913, he urged the appointment of a commission of inquiry. The governor countered by offering Osborne the chairmanship, and so it came about that he was given the official opportunity to do what he could about it.

Now the usual course of a prison commission is to investigate, report, and recommend. Ordinarily a large proportion of the recommendations are stillborn, leaving nothing but a ripple of publicity behind them, a ripple that rarely washes the walls of the prison. But in this case the prison commission was headed by a man who proposed to investigate the prisons in a new way. He was going to do this by being a prisoner himself, even if only for a short period. This idea had matured over many years. Simple as it may seem, it proved startling to the public. Here was a man, placed beyond most of his day and generation—rich, educated, a recognized political leader, cultured, widely traveled — suddenly turned convict and by free choice. While the decision was long in maturing, it was not easy to carry out. He secured the consent of the warden of Auburn prison, Charles F. Rattigan, and the newly appointed superintend-



Ground floor corridor of Auburn with extra double cots as evidence of over-crowding

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ent of prisons, Judge Riley. But there was the criticism of friends, the hostility and ridicule of the press, the minor personal doubts and misgivings, and most of all the fear that he would be misunderstood by the prisoners themeslves and thus destroy the possibility of securing their confidence, so essential to any effective program.

Osborne decided to meet that issue boldly and on a Sunday, September 28, 1913, he rose in the Auburn chapel to tell the prisoners his strange news. There in front of him, guarded by keepers carrying heavy clubs in their hands, were 1400 men; silent (speaking was not allowed), dressed in gray striped uniforms, with closely shaved heads, their faces pallid from lack of sunshine, a gray, suspicious, bitter crowd of men.

Governor Roosevelt Writes:

Thomas Mott Osborne had courage; even his enemies admit that; he had vision; even those who laughed at him twenty years ago admit that now.

I like to think of him as the real pioneer who brought out the fact that ninety men out of every hundred who go to prison return sooner or later to our midst as members of our communities. His deep principle was wholly sound—that human beings who are apprehended and punished by the State for sins against society can, in a very large percentage of cases, be restored to society as law-abiding citizens. He was right in holding that the prisons themselves were the key to the problem.

It was natural and logical that Mr. Osborne's efforts should meet with opposition from those who for one reason or another were satisfied with existing conditions, and it was also natural that many perfectly well meaning people were unable to grasp the fundamentals which he advanced. Today there are growing evidences that the seeds which he sowed are bearing good fruit. Let us remember that penology as a social science is still in its infancy and that the greatest tribute which we can pay to Mr. Osborne's memory will be to carry on the fight relentlessly, and with the high idealism which he so well exemplified.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

The men knew Osborne by sight. He had some friends among them. Usually Osborne spoke without a written manuscript but this time he read what he had to say. It is not a very inspiring speech as one reads it now; it is stilted and formal and leads up slowly to his proposition. He recognized of course, he told them, that he would not actually go through the mental strain of the man confined for years, but he asked both the prisoners and the officers to treat him like a regular prisoner:

> Perhaps many of you will think, as many outside the walls will think, that at best this action is quixotic—another "fool's errand, by one of the fools." I shall not argue the matter further. I believe that I fully realize the shortcomings which will attend the experience, yet still I shall undertake it. For somehow, deep down, I have the feeling that after I have really lived among you, marched in your lines, shared your food, gone to the same cells at night, and in the morning looked out at the piece of God's sunlight through the same iron bars—that then, and not until then, can I feel the knowledge which will break down the barriers between my soul and the souls of my brothers.

His audience gaped at him until it dawned on them that here was a strange human being who was not afraid of them and who was willing to be one of them so as to know something of their life. When they realized this there was an explosion of applause.

Thereafter, for the week of his confinement, the chairman of the State Prison Reform Commission was just a prisoner, given the name of "Tom Brown," given a number, dressed in the uniform and put to work, marching in lock-step with the striped prison suit, carrying his bucket with the other men, eating the prison fare and submitting in silence to the environment about him. He insisted on going to the punishment cell where for fourteen hours, with hands and face unwashed, he lived on bread and water, slept on the stone floor and listened to the tales of the other men in the punishment cells near him.

The details of his experience need not be described. Osborne has done it himself in his book, Within Prison Walls, with a vividness and sympathy which no second hand can improve. It gave him an unshakable conviction that men are men even in prison, just plain human beings—criminals, it is true—but essentially like other people, who respond to friendship and kindness, hatred and fear, distrust and confidence, just about the way other human beings responded. It also gave him a vivid sense of the futility of the whole scheme of prison arrangements—perhaps, more than anything else, the monotony of it, the sheer, deadly monotony of it, and its futility.

To some of the prisoners, on the other hand, it was the most exciting experience in their lives. Their letters palpitate with emotion, almost with hysteria, as if a strange new dawn had touched their embittered existence. Under the circumstances, under the scheme of the prison system, its hostility, its silence, its hard, brutal monotony, its lack of sympathy, especially its suspicion and distrust, counted and guarded by armed men—under those conditions, to find suddenly a human being so differently placed from themselves, who could forget distinctions and could become one of them, sent a thrill through the prison, challenging the beliefs of many of even the most hardened men. And what is more important, they learned to trust Osborne, and some learned to love him. From that day, the letters to him were written not to "Mr. Osborne," but to "Dear Tom," or "Dear Pal" or "Dear Brother" and, very frequently, to "Dear Father."

THE Sunday following his week's confinement, Osborne was taken from his cell to the chapel. This time he arose to speak not as chairman of the State Commission but as Tom Brown, Number 33,333X, in a gray convict uniform and paler for his incarceration. His audience understood him better. This speech was not written out:

> The time has now come for me to say good-bye, and really I cannot trust my feelings to say it as I should like to say it.
>
> Believe me, I shall never forget you. In my sleep at night as well as in my waking hours, I shall hear in imagination the tramp of your feet in the yard, and see the lines of gray marching up and down.

The men cheered as men in prison had never cheered before. They understood and shared his feelings even more than his words. As Osborne himself says: "Had I stood up there and repeated the alphabet or the dictionary, I think it would have been the same."

Outside the prison, however, the response was not so favorable. The press poured ridicule on the step. It was called a "foolish," "dilettante," "bizarre," "quixotic" ex-

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perience, "notoriety seeking," which would give him no more insight into the state of mind of the convict than an equal amount of time spent in a Turkish bath. The Kingston Freeman said that "if Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, convict pro tem at Auburn, wanted to know how it feels to be very ill, we suppose he would engage a room in a hospital, have a pretty nurse stand by his bedside and stick a clinical thermometer into his mouth every half hour or so." According to the Bridgeport Standard it was "not necessary to wallow in a mud hole to know how a pig feels." The New York Tribune alone among the large metropolitan papers seems to have grasped its significance; The Times declared it to be "well intended and yet ill advised." In spite of these criticisms his voluntary imprisonment received nation-wide attention and brought the whole question of the improvement in our penal system to the surface as it had never been before. That alone would have justified the week spent behind the prison walls. But it gave Mr. Osborne something more immediate to his purpose—the confidence of the prisoners.

The events of the week left the prison in a state of expectancy. Underground letters, stolen conversations, proposals and counter-proposals were circulated, petitions to the warden were gotten up. Prisoners pledged their loyalty to Osborne and placed themselves at his disposal.

Dear Tom: We, the undersigned, have faithfully promised to one another (that of course includes you) that from tonight on we stand together, united, never again to be divided, and to do all in our power to strengthen and advance this movement. Whenever in doubt take a look at this.

This pledge was signed by four prisoners who were destined to play an important part in the development of Osborne's work not only in Auburn but in Sing Sing as well; and one of them later, after his discharge, joined him as an assistant in the Portsmouth Naval Prison, and proved himself both loyal and capable.

The inception of the new program at Auburn came during Osborne's week of confinement when one of the prisoners working at the table beside him suggested the formation of a "Good Conduct League." They had been talking of the problems that would result if the men were permitted out of their cells on Sundays.

You can't ask the officers to give up their day off, and you don't think the men could be trusted by themselves, do you? . . . [thus Tom Brown].

"Sure they could," responds J, his face beginning to flush with pleasure at the thought. "And there could be a band concert, and we'd have a fine time. And it would be a good sight better for us than being locked in our cells all day. We'd have fewer fights on Monday, I know that." . . . But how about the discipline? Would you let everybody out into the yard? What about those bad actors who don't know how to behave? Won't they quarrel and fight and try to escape?

"But don't you see, Tom, that they couldn't do that without putting the whole thing on the bum, and depriving the rest of us of our privileges? You needn't be afraid we couldn't handle those fellows all right. . . ."

So Osborne left the prison with an idea, perhaps not very concrete, perhaps not very clearly formulated, but an idea that the men might be given responsibility of some sort—that certain privileges might be granted to them, and that perhaps certain powers of discipline for their own enforcement might be extended to them. He had come to feel that the men themselves were ready for an attempt to reconstruct the century-old bastile and bend it to better ends and purposes. After discussion between himself, the warden, and some of the prisoners, it was agreed that the first step was to call a constitutional convention. In an institution where silence had reigned, where men had never been consulted about their wishes and had been punished for even minor infractions by physical torture, an election was a strange adventure. Yet here, for the first time in such an institution, they were given permission to elect a committee for the discussion of the problems of the prisoners. Each shop was allotted a number of delegates proportionate to its size. Guards carried ballot boxes from shop to shop and each shop was allowed half an hour in which to vote. The count was close and exciting; forty-nine men were to be elected, but one hundred and ninety were voted for.

Osborne as Tom Brown, Number 33,333X, in the gray convict garb he wore at Auburn in 1913

Two days later, these forty-nine delegates — forty-nine criminals — were assembled in the chapel. The warden and the guards retired and the men elected Osborne chairman of the meeting. This was the first time in the hundred and more years of Auburn prison that such a group of prisoners were permitted together without guards, and encouraged to discuss in freedom the problems of the institution in which they were confined.

The most crucial issues that immediately presented themselves revolved around the qualifications for membership in the community organization. It had been originally suggested that only good-conduct men should be allowed to join. It was to be a sort of aristocracy of virtue within prison walls, and the right of citizenship was to be decided by the prison guards. Reasonable as that might seem to the uninitiated, it met with unanimous opposition. The prisoners were not prepared to accept the evidence of a man's character as indicated by his disciplinary record. They

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wanted to decide for themselves who did or did not have the necessary qualifications for citizenship in this prison democracy. Good standing within the prison had, until then, been determined by the prison officials. In the future good standing was to be determined by the organized prison community.

Having come to an agreement on membership, they discussed the scope of the activities that the prisoners as an organization might hope to exercise. That question, however, was no sooner raised than answered. It could do only what it was permitted to do by the warden. The prisoners would have to prove their right to power every inch of the way and would always be dependent upon the consent of the prison administration. This fact is important as it explains, in a considerable way, the initial success of the organization. The danger of loss for the mass of the prisoners was too great for them to permit any one individual to sacrifice the community for his own selfish interest. Here was democracy on trial and with a vengeance.

NEXT it was necessary to work out some scheme of government which would fit the special needs of the prison community. The discussion that followed revealed as nothing else the prisoners' attitude towards society and towards the prison officials. If the organization was going to exercise any functions, it would need authority and would have to delegate this authority to some prisoners. The mere mention of the world "lieutenant" raised a storm that nearly broke up the convention. Some of the men had experienced the authority of other prisoners, especially in Elmira Reformatory, which is operated in a semi-military fashion, and would have none of it. A prisoner exercising power was not only distasteful to them, but by experience they knew that it led to the appointment of "stool pigeons" to positions of influence. The problem, therefore, was to arrive at some method of delegating power to a prisoner without making that prisoner the tool of the guard in the shops. The prisoners would have to trust him. It is interesting to observe that, in all of this discussion, Osborne always was prepared to go further than the prisoners. The prisoners were willing enough to have privileges, but they shrank from either assuming or entrusting responsibility to other prisoners and were frankly afraid that the situation would get out of hand. He argued:

What is in my mind, and I think in the mind of everybody, is the force of public opinion. That is one of the things I came here to find out, whether there was any public opinion. I found it. There is some of it, distorted, in many ways, but it is here, plentifully. The feeling which binds you together against the keeper is public opinion. The feeling which says that no man shall "snitch" on another is public opinion, somewhat distorted. If it could be turned in the right channel it is all right. It is exceedingly strong among you men, only it doesn't have a chance for healthy expression, and gets lots of chance for unhealthy expression. Now I want it to have a chance for healthy expression and I think it can be gained through the League. In other words, I know it can.

This idea of harnessing the general interest and attitude of the prisoners against the trouble-maker rather than for him had in fact been expressed before. No one, however, had given it a place as the basis of the organization that the prisoners might develop. One of the delegates rose and said:

Suppose that the men come into the chapel and a fight is started. . . . Are you nine hundred or twelve hundred men that join the League going to let two men run an opposition movement of their own and keep you from the privileges which may be extended to you and destroy the hope for future privilege, or are you going to join in to stop such a disturbance?

Another delegate expressed it from the angle of the possible fighters:

Somebody may have a grudge against some fellow. He will stop and think. He will say *I will not only get myself in trouble, but I am going to get all those men down on me.*

And that was the crux of the matter. If public opinion was against the trouble-maker rather than for him, then public opinion would support the prisoner chosen to suppress and discipline the trouble-maker.

Simple and clear as this was it ran into another snag. The criminal in and out of prison detests a "snitch." Anyone who will report a man to the authorities is one who is looked upon as the lowest of creatures—a "stool pigeon." This loyalty of the underworld was put bluntly enough by one of the delegates, who said he would not report anyone. Osborne replied:

If you fellows are not going to take responsibility, then the thing is killed in the beginning. . . . You are either going to be ruled by Arbitrary Power, or else you are going to rule yourself and assist those whom you select. In other words, are you going to be held as slaves, or are you going to be treated as men? You must take the responsibility of men and one of these responsibilities consists in seeing that the rest of you, that every one of you, sees that the others behave.

WITH the issue thus drawn another delegate suggested that "to guard against one man reporting another (to the prison authorities), *let the men provide their own punishment . . .*," and then went on to argue that if each man who joined the League should sign a pledge of good behavior any misconduct on his part would imply agreement for punishment by the community which he joined voluntarily. That, however, only solved the difficulty half way. It might be possible to give the organized prison community power to punish minor infractions of the rules, but when it came to a serious crime the state would step in and demand trial before a court of law. Then what? One delegate asked: "If I reported this assault would the authorities, when the trial came off, subpoena me as a witness and would I have to be instrumental in sending a man back to prison?" In reply, Osborne pointed out that, in case of a serious crime, the state stepped in anyway and under any system. That was out of the hands of the prisoners altogether. Within their reach, however, was the discipline for violations of the rules in the prison by deprivation of such privileges as the organization might enjoy. And the question of the delegation of power to one prisoner by another, which men balked at and feared, was finally compromised when one of the prisoners said: "My idea is this, that we should elect a sergeant-at-arms. . . . What objection can we men have when organized societies of free men outside place themselves under one?" That settled the matter. It was only necessary to provide that the sergeant-at-arms should be subject to recall if the men who elected him felt that he was abusing his power.

The form of organization developed was simple enough: a governing body of forty-nine delegates to hold office for six months and to be elected by popular vote by the different companies on the same basis that the convention had been chosen. Of the forty-nine, nine were to be elected by the delegates an as executive (*Continued on page* 52)

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Religion and Mental Health

By A. EUSTACE HAYDON

DURING the last generation the religious sciences have flooded with light the long and toilsome path of man's religious pilgrimage. It is possible now to see clearly the part religions have played in the total complex of human cultures and to speak of spiritual values in concrete and practical terms. In an earlier age there was something mysterious about the spiritual. It carried the implication of the unearthly, the ghostly, the supernatural, or the immaterial. These ancient dualisms of natural-supernatural, spirit-matter, soul-body, still linger in our language, but we have learned to escape them by understanding them. The history and psychology of religion have revealed to us how they originated and the function they performed in the ages of cultural development. The history of religious philosophy shows how these ideas of primitive man were rationalized into glorious systems of abstract metaphysics alluring even to the most intellectual. But the most important contribution of the religious sciences is the discovery that religion is always a function of human life and that the problems and hopes of living men dictate both doctrine and ideal of every religion in all ages. Spiritual values are always human values, and religion is man's age-long quest for these values as an ideal of life-fulfilment. All else in the religious complex, gods and ceremonies and institutions, is merely means to the desired end—the realization of the good life.

The drive of desire for satisfaction is the motif of the drama of evolution on our planet. On every level of increasing complexity from the atom to civilization there is the recurring theme of the organism with its hungers and desires striving to maintain itself in an environment partly friendly and partly hostile. When man emerged from the shadows of the dawn age he carried on to a higher level the age-old motif. These human, social groups were driven by imperative desires—for food, sex satisfaction, shelter from environmental forces, protection from dangers. The earliest religions of the world were ways of winning satisfaction of these elemental needs. It would be a great mistake to think of these early religious patterns of behavior as originating in rational thought. They are not logical but rather the result of emotional outbursts at times of frustration, or the fulfilment of intense desires. Rain rituals, war dances, seasonal ceremonies, magical spells for revenge or protection, all had this emotional basis. The earliest gods were those nature forces most helpful to man, in need of helpers in a world which was so often indifferent or hostile. Heaven, for the nomad, was the ever-present source of light and warmth and refreshing rain. The warming, dark-dispelling dawn, the stimulating sun, but especially the storm-rain relieving the tension of drought, were emotionally important to early man. Treated socially, they took on anthropopathic qualities, and with the rise of the idea of the separable spirit became invisible beings in the dualistic, superhuman realm of the unseen. It was an easy matter then to load upon these friendly helpers all the wishes, hopes, and unfulfilled desires of man's troubled quest for the values of life. When his techniques, magical and practical, were of no avail, the gods he had himself created were a source of psychic consolation, security and peace.

When religions attained the culture level a change appeared in the religious ideal of the good life. Desires were no longer directed to merely physical and material satisfactions but to the joys of happy human relations. Man had come to realize that the highest happiness was in harmonious adjustments in the social relations of men. The religious ideal centered then about justice, friendliness, honor, love, co-operation, sympathy, the relationships which yielded fullest satisfaction to man in society. The vision of a Holy City, a Kingdom of God, a brotherhood of man, or a communion of saints replaced the earlier ideal of satisfaction of physical wants. At the same time philosophy refined the primitive heritage of gods and cult patterns into elaborate systems of cosmology, theology, and institutions grounded on supernatural bases. The meaning of the universe was read in terms of the realization of the complete and perfect fulfilment of human joy in living. Man dared to believe that the world was made to yield him happiness and that the strong gods worked for him in the unseen to guarantee the final fulfilment of his ideal.

BUT in every religion of the world man's hopes outran his powers. He could dream of the ideal way of living but he did not know how to actualize his dream. His knowledge was not adequate for the task. He did not know how to control either nature or human nature. Thus, one after another the laboriously built civilizations of the ages, which temporarily revealed the potentialities of the human spirit and promised mastery for man, came crumbling down in ruins with no human power or wisdom able to stay the destruction. Evil loomed as a dark menace above the earthly scene. In those dark ages of desolation man learned to distrust the world and human nature. The sacred books of the religions show clearly this feeling of frailty, a consciousness of the futility of man's best strength. But man refused to surrender his dream. Even in the blackest night the fires of the ancient hope of the good life continued to burn. If not in this world, nor in this age, nor in this life, then in some future age or in a blissful realm beyond this world of sorrow, the ideal would be realized, but not by human mastery of the existing world. Man projected his wishes beyond, behind, or above the actual plane of stern and disappointing fact to a realm of ideal perfection. The gods were glorified and magnified by human need. The greater the helplessness of man, the more all-powerful and all-sufficient became his gods. Thus in some religions the whole burden of responsibility for the actualizing of the life of bliss was imposed upon the High God. In others, men sought by world-denial and world-flight to win the eternally perfect status of the absolute beyond time and change and evil, a Nirvana state of bliss and peace.

The fundamental driving force underlying all the mani-

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fold embodiments of religions among all peoples is the restless urge of human desires seeking satisfactions in group relationship. Religion may best be defined on the background of man's pilgrimage through the ages as the shared quest of the good life. Every religion has three phases: the ideal, a vision of the desired values of the completely satisfying life; the cult, that is, the technique by means of which the group feels confident the values may be attained; the ideology, which as cosmology and theology interprets the way in which the environing universe is related to man's hopes and ideals. The relative stress upon cult or theology varies in the different religions and may change in any one religion according to the intellectual climate or the social problems of the age. The ideal is the central thing always in all religions, because it embodies the spiritual values toward which the religious quest is oriented.

Our modern age is witnessing the greatest transformation of the world religions that they have ever experienced in all their long history. Man has regained confidence in his own powers. The ancient distrust of human nature is now vanishing. The quest of the good life has sought fulfilment in the supernatural other world or in the beyond-life and turns again earthward. Responsibility for the creation of a good world in which the good life may be realized, which the frustrated ages of the past loaded upon the gods, is now being assumed by man. Modern science has undermined all the ancient theologies and religious philosophies built on the foundation of the naïve thinking of primitive man. Applied science has put into the hands of modern man the tools for the mastery of nature lacking in all the eras of antiquity. The social and psychological sciences offer at last the long-needed understanding of human nature and make it possible to hope for a technique of guidance and control. The ideal in this modern drift of the religions is still the ancient goal with a richer content—the complete fulfilment of personality, the realization of full joy in living.

Unfortunately there is great bewilderment among religious people, even among the intellectuals. It is difficult to realize that this modern idealism, building its world view and life view in terms of modern science, using scientific method and the instruments of science as its technique, is the modern embodiment of the religious quest of the ages. The ancient ideology, technique, and institutions claiming the name of religion still stand over against the new vision of the human task and the technique of science. The historic separation of Christianity as a religion of other-worldly salvation from the secular activities of politics and business, as well as the forced divorce from education, science, and philosophy, only adds to the confusion in the western world. In the Orient, where religion has always been a way of life in this world even though it was also a technique of escape from it, the transition to the new age is easier.

Religion now, as always, is a quest for satisfying values. Moreover its distinctive quality is that it throws open the door of opportunity to share in the value to every member of the social group. As a shared quest it is meaningless apart from its service to social living. It claims loyalty to the human task. Upon every bearer of specialized knowledge, upon every master of scientific technique, upon every expert in every branch of human endeavor, religion lays responsibility for the use of their knowledge and powers in the effort to actualize in social structure and in the behavior of men the human, spiritual values of the religious ideal of the good life. And today, spiritual values are not envisaged as vague, ethereal, other-worldly qualities, but as empirical, practical, and concrete goods.

It is not difficult to see why the pioneers in the religious sciences were inclined to make a division between the sacred and the secular. The separation was before their eyes. The secular life of the western world, eagerly practical under the stimulus of science and industry, seemed a thing apart from the church, with its interest in the supernatural world. Moreover the ideology seemed remote from the thought forms of the everyday life. At the same time the religious technique of magic ceremonies, sacraments, prayer, and mystic meditation was in striking contrast to the method and techniques of the sciences in the actual world of fact. Religion seemed to be a thing apart, with its own peculiar attunement to human nature and its own special methods of apprehending the unseen and eternal. Even scholars spoke of a "faculty of faith," a "religious instinct," a "religious consciousness," as though these were capacities of human nature distinct and separable. More light and larger knowledge have cured that error. In the same way, analysis has shown that there are no values that are religious *per se*. Religious or spiritual values are always values of living in human relationships. Under examination the values that make up the synthesis of the religious ideal are always seen to be some other kind of value as well—economic, political, aesthetic, social, or intellectual. Righteousness, justice, love, brotherhood, are empty words or meaningless abstractions apart from their concrete meaning in the social, economic, political milieu. In its ideal a religion clings closely to the values of living, and these are comprehensible only in terms of human happiness, and this, in turn, can mean nothing except in terms of the satisfaction of man's learned desires, physical and social.

"Our modern age," Professor Haydon believes, "is witnessing the greatest transformation of the world religions that they have ever experienced in all their long history. Man has regained confidence in his own powers." Through the courtesy of the American Foundation for Mental Hygiene this article, which was presented in abstract at the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene (see The Survey, June 15, 1930) is here published as the third in a series on the relation of the new science of man to some major interests of our contemporary world. In conjunction with it we give the gist of the remarks of two of the invited discussants, the Reverend Paul Hanly Furfey, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and Professor Harrison Elliott of Union Theological Seminary. Other articles in later issues of Survey Graphic, arranged in cooperation with officers of the Congress, will carry an interpretation of the point of view of mental hygiene as it relates to the science of public health and as it colors and shapes our attitudes toward twentieth-century youth.

46416

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Man's Ultimate Destiny

By PAUL HANLY FURFEY

IT is sometimes said that mental hygiene is taking the place of religion. This opinion found expression, I believe, even at the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene. It is perhaps implied in Dr. Haydon's learned and eloquent paper.

With this statement I find myself in absolute and unqualified disagreement. Religion and mental hygiene are not rivals. They are only indirectly concerned with each other. For mental hygiene is not a way of life; it is a method of forestalling and treating mental abnormalities. Religion, on the other hand, is not a new remedy for dementia praecox. It is not a method of educating mental defectives. It is not a substitute for mental hygiene. It is a supernatural system of belief and practice concerned with man's ultimate destiny. To say that mental hygiene is supplanting religion is as meaningless to me as to say that the Kahn test is supplanting the Euclidian geometry.

No, these two things are not opposed to each other. On the contrary, they can and ought to be mutually helpful. Mental hygiene can benefit from religion; while religion, in turn, can turn to account the discoveries of mental hygiene.

Mental hygiene can benefit from religion. There are certain urgent questions concerned with ultimate reality whose solution every human being demands: Why am I in this world? Is there an absolute standard of right and wrong? What of the life after death? We can turn our backs on these questions; we can minimize their importance; but we cannot avoid them in the end. Human nature is like that. It cannot rest until such problems are solved.

No patient, therefore, can be said to be adequately adjusted to life so long as these questions remain unanswered. Guiding principles are essential for complete living. To dodge the issue is to attempt a foolish compromise with reality. That is why the work of the mental clinic must be rounded out with a philosophy of life which cannot be empirically determined. That is why mental hygiene needs the aid of something outside of itself to complete its work. That is religion's contribution to mental hygiene.

But it is equally true that mental hygiene can render a useful service to religion. During every age religion has been interested in the problems of the worried, the inadequate, and the depressed. In many cases the experienced guidance of a kindly and sympathetic human being is sufficient to assuage these troubles. But in many instances mere "common sense" is insufficient. The skilled attention of the expert is necessary. Here we can welcome wholeheartedly the contributions of modern mental psychiatry. Our hospitals and social agencies are just as anxious to cooperate with these new developments as they have been in the past to avail themselves of the X-ray or antiseptic surgery. In either case the reason is the same. They are all merciful and brilliantly successful means of relieving human suffering. As a Roman Catholic I see no reason to apologize for my enthusiastic and whole-hearted endorsement of every sane and worthy development in the field of mental hygiene. I consider it a privilege to be able to express publicly my entire admiration of them.

During the present period of beginnings it is perhaps inevitable that there should be misunderstandings. Unfortunately certain mental hygienists, expressing in sensational language their own peculiar philosophy of life, have confused the popular mind. They have spoken of mental hygiene as though it were an end in itself instead of a means to an end. They have erected it into a philosophy, almost a religion. Let us try to rise above the petty bickering which results from such confusing statements. Religion and mental hygiene are not opposed to each other. They exist on different planes. But they can and ought to be mutually helpful.

A brief glance at the ideals of the good life in the history of religions will show that the values sought in early religions were always the satisfactions of the fundamental needs of the group life. They were simple and practical values—food, shelter, safety, sex fulfilment, group loyalty, and play. When this primitive ideal was carried beyond the barrier of death, as in early Vedic religion, then hymns describe the realm of the "Fathers," "Varuna's heaven," as a place where the desirable earthly values are glorified and endlessly abundant, a place "where loves and longings are fufilled, and all desire is satisfied."

In the religions of culture, social values become more central. The quest was for a society in which peace, justice, love, and truth ruled the relations of men, where beauty and blessedness were blended. The ideal was this-worldly everywhere at first, but tragedy, social disasters, "a failure of nerve" in almost all the religions of the world, led to the projection of the ideal to an age in the far future or to a realm eternal, beyond life. But in either case the spiritual values are not changed. Happy human life is always the goal, the full completeness of joy, in a perfected human nature. Even in the ideals that seem most negative this is true. The Buddhist Nirvana and the Hindu Sat-Chit-Ananda transcend the experience of the ordinary human consciousness, but they are ideals of perfect bliss. When, as sometimes happened, both immortality and the gods lost significance for a religion, then the ideal of the good life returned cosily to earth and centered in the joys of noble living and the warm, kindly comradeship of friends.

The modern ideal of the good life must be social and inclusive in a completely this-worldly sense. Only in society is a worthful human life possible, but the happiness or sorrow of living belong to the peculiar sanctity of the individual. Religion will test society by its adequacy in mediating to every individual the opportunity to embody in life experience the values of the social ideal. The embodiment in effective, harmonized personalities of the spiritual values dreamed of through the long ages in the religions of the world implies at least four things:

The sense of secure at-homeness in the world, which means not only freedom from the fear and anxiety of economic want but an emotional orientation to the cosmic process of which man is an integral part.

Enfoldment in happy social relations yielding the joys of comradeship, consolation, loyalty, and mutual aid. For the human multitudes this is perhaps the most precious value attainable and for the most highly placed intellectual the most certain guarantee of the joy of life.

Training and opportunity for creative expression in a worthful task. In a world where labor is the common lot even drudgery may be dignified by a consciousness of contributing to the richness and beauty of the shared life. Consciously bearing responsibility for purposive direction of the social process to nobler levels, creating new values, successfully laying the control of human power over larger areas of nature, molding material to the service of life by making machines to lift the load of labor from the shoulders of man, guiding civilization into higher forms of cultural beauty—in doing this man experiences the buoyancy and thrill of healthy joy in living.

Finally, attainment of knowledge and understanding that will open the treasury of the heritage of human culture for personal enrichment and yield a sympathetic feeling of atoneness with all peoples of all races and all ages.

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In some such way the citizen of the modern world might realize the joy of living and taste the actual fruit of the religious, spiritual values that have lured the race along the weary centuries, following the religious ideal. But there are still lions in the path. Perplexing problems must be solved before even this simple and reasonable ideal of the good life may be won.

When the tragic heroism of man's religious quest is viewed in the long perspective of thousands of years, the changing forms of theology and cult fall into the background. Irrepressible human hunger for the good life to be enjoyed is clearly revealed as the essential thread of interpretation of the long drama. The peoples of the earth have been seeking a happy home in the world. And always evil has thwarted fulfilment of their hopes. Other-worldly episodes in the history of religions are witness to man's indomitable refusal to be denied. In our age religions are reviving the ancient hope of achieving a society in which spiritual values may be mediated to the individual through harmonious adjustment to the social environment.

Yet evil remains. It is true that the menacing, metaphysical bases of evil no longer trouble thinking men. Cosmic devils and malignant demons have vanished before the brilliance of the sun of science. Nevertheless, the fact of disaster, physical, mental, and moral, still threatens the craft of human happiness. It is a great gain, however, that evil is now reduced to comprehensible terms under the categories of natural and social. The first consists of those phases of the natural environment not yet subjected to human control; the second, much more important and the source of most of the unhappiness of men, may be described simply as personal and social maladjustment.

The realization of the good life by the masses of mankind depends upon the cure of these maladjustments. But more important than the reorganization and reorientation of any specific situation of maladjustment is the achievement of a method of progressive adjustment in our increasingly complex civilization, with its processes and ceaseless change. Not only are our values becoming more complex in their specific meaning but the social-economic complexity of this age of machines makes for increasing maladjustment of the individual in society. Tension, anxiety, fear, apprehension, self-distrust, indecision, moral uncertainty, are all accentuated. On the one hand, the accepted and simple patterns of behavior of earlier generations are disintegrating, and on the other, there is a perplexing intricacy and novelty in the personal problems and social situations of the modern age. The interest of the religious scientist lies in indicating that the achievement of the social order in which harmonized personalities will embody spiritual values is not to be sought in any mysterious, extra-scientific source, but only by the discovery of a method of eliminating these thwarting maladjustments. The successful solution of the problem will demand a synthesis of the wisdom of the social sciences, a collaboration of specialists in the use of scientific method in every area of social facts.

The fundamental need is to provide release from avoidable nature evils. One must possess the normal capacity for living before he may hope to live well. It is a commonplace now to say that many of the things called "sin" in the older theology were the result of defective bodily structure or an unfortunate heritage. It is an inestimable boon to be well born. Medical science must be the arbiter here or by a farther remove, a sane and cautious eugenics. There is, however,

A Religion of Maturity

By HARRISON ELLIOTT

IN the Jewish and Christian philosophies of religion, the conception of God as father and of religion in terms of the care and dependence of the family have been important elements. Indeed it is fair to say that these religious groups have used the immaturity and insecurity of people in offering them a safe haven in this world and a home in heaven in a way to continue their dependence rather than to help them to grow into maturity. Mental hygiene seems to me to be bringing to life a conception in which it is possible to have love and ego expression on a mature level rather than on infantile or childish bases. For those who conceive religion in theistic terms a child of God does not need always to be a little child. Just as the child in the family may grow into an adult relationship with his parents without being disloyal to them, so it is possible to come to an adult comradeship relation with God. For those who feel, as Professor Haydon does, that the universe cannot be conceived in the terms of a personal father but that the individual must learn to manage things in this world, religion on a mature level becomes even more important. For all groups, mental hygiene gives a conception of maturity as the possibility of life which, without lessening the necessary care of the weak and helpless, offers the church or synagogue an opportunity for religion on a mature level.

Just as most homes have conceived wrong-doing on the part of children as that which was displeasing to parents, so many religions have conceived sin as that which made Deity angry. As a result a great deal of attention has been given to propitiating Deity, just as children and young people strive to win favor of parents, teachers and other adults. Mental hygiene is teaching us the difficulties of handling wrong-doing on this personal basis, in the effect on both parents and children, and is asking us to look on conduct as the positive effort of the individual to make his way in life. It proposes elimination of a condemnatory attitude, which is negative, and the substitution of a positive attitude of helping build better lives. This releases the energy which has gone into feeling remorseful and leaves it free to attack the problem of living itself. Sin as a theological conception will occupy less attention, but sins as hindrances to the good life will have even more.

Mental hygiene is influencing the conceptions of the good life; it is a factor in reconstructing the very goals of religion. As psychiatrists have been working with sick people, many of them very religious people, they have challenged the negative attitude toward life and its worth and the negative methods of control and denial which have characterized a considerable part of religion. They come to us with the positive challenge of the abundant life for all, with methods which will free mature personality to express itself positively in all areas of life. As they have shown the relation of personality to certain emphases and methods in religion and have made it impossible for us, as religionists, to blame the result upon the depravity of human nature, we are compelled to look both at our goals and our methods. And they draw from their work a positive belief in the possibilities of human nature and in the discovery of the methods for its remaking which has, and rightly, much of the possession of a religious purpose.

The last contribution of mental hygiene is in the other fundamental realm of religion, the resources on which one can count in attaining the good life, the bases of one's confidence in working for it. Mental hygiene points to the untapped resources in individuals and in social groupings and the possibility of the rallying of these resources for the attainment of the good life. One's conception of God or the universe or of that on which one may count is built up on experience with oneself, with others, and with nature. To that conception the researches of mental hygiene are making a positive contribution.

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an economic base to many cases even in this category of ills, for while science knows the cure for malnutrition and many devastating physical defects, poverty and ignorance often bar the door to release.

Our modern civilization has multiplied the number and seriousness of social ills resulting from the conflict of desires. The rivalry of man with man, group with group, nation with nation, and race with race, grows more menacing because of the parochial aspect of the earth and the amazing development of instruments of power. Selfish groups drive to their objectives over the broken hopes of their unknown victims. No single individual can visualize the manifold ramifications of this conflict of purposes of organized groups, extending from the village community to the arena of international affairs. This maladjustment of social-economic relationships is perhaps the major evil to be mastered by modern men in their quest for the good life.

A PECULIARLY cruel phase of faulty adjustment of individuals in society is the dislocation and displacement produced by the rapid development of machines and labor-saving devices. The monotony and drudgery of industrial labor was a problem in itself, but it is a strange irony that when the drudgery is transferred to machines and the goods of the world increase, the result is not more leisure and enhanced welfare but an increase in fear, privation, and suffering for the new recruits to the army of the unemployed. And yet the religious ideal has always proclaimed the supremacy of human values over all the material instruments of civilization. Only social and economic science oriented to the ideal of shared values can show the way to the "cure of souls" entangled in this form of maladjustment.

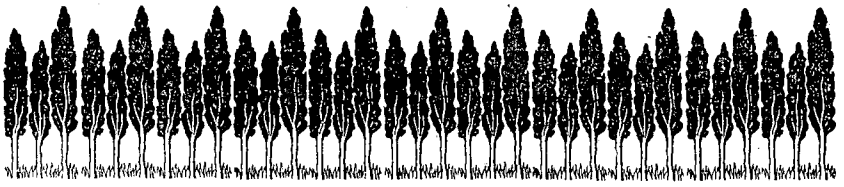
Still another form of evil results from the disorganization of the psychic life of the individual either because of conflicting social controls or through the struggle of imperative individual desires against the ideals of a group relationship. The interweaving multiplicity of groups in the modern world and their conflicting ideals, make the achievement of a unified and strong personality more difficult than in the simpler world of yesterday. An individual may be a member of a score of social groups, each with its own code of behavior. No single moral ideal runs through the diverse groups in modern society, and unless the individual is securely anchored in loyalty to some one of them he is in constant danger of psychic distress.

A peculiar form of emotional maladjustment is evident among those who have been recently and suddenly disillusioned in regard to the traditional guarantees of the old theology. It is a rude shock to be robbed of the infantile attitude of dependence, of wish-fulfilment in times of frustration, of flight to supernatural consolation in the face of harsh reality. To be tumbled from the eternal security of the everlasting arms into the actualities of the pluralistic world of facts has caused emotional distress to thousands of youthful intellectuals unprepared by their religious education to feel at home in a naturalistic universe. This is a peculiar problem of our transition age, but until religious education learns how to orient the new generation emotionally to the facts of the world as it is, the problem will remain as one phase of the "cure of souls."

All signs point to the dawning of a better day. The religious quest for the values of the good life may face the future with more courage than ever before, for now the techniques and methods of the sciences are available for the service of man. This is the best guarantee that the ideal will be formulated on the solid basis of facts, and the surest ground for hope that paths will be formed through the thick undergrowth of problems and the tangle of maladjustments to the social order, paths that will make spiritual values available to every child who enters the adventure of living.

This interpretation of religious values and of the problems involved in actualizing them in human living is done on the background of a specialization in the religious sciences. The writer can make no claim to competency, and certainly has no specialized knowledge, in the field of mental hygiene. To the expert in personal adjustment an observer of the drift of religions in the modern world may say that any adequate preparation of the new generation to be creators and enjoyers of the good life will demand: provision for bodily health; emotional orientation to the life of this world in a fearless facing of facts; training in the ability to think so as to yield tolerance, sympathy, expectancy of change, readiness to understand and to cooperate; and, finally, such an adjustment of the social environment as will enfold the growing child and working adult with security, providential care, recognition, and stimulus to creative endeavor. This is to ask much, but nothing less will be enough. These things scientific wisdom and good will must find the means to provide if the age-old dream of religions, the achievement of a good life in a world made good, is to be realized.

FINALLY, it must be superfluous to warn experts in mental hygiene regarding the danger of emotional crises in the use of the technique of other-worldly guarantees and compensations in dealing with young people in this age of science. For adults, indoctrinated in tradition, there may be special cases where the use of this compensatory mechanism may be indicated. Even then the problem is merely met by a palliative; the cure lies deeper. For children, to continue the infantile status into later age by the transfer of parental protection and security to a supernatural guarantor is to run the risk of checking free moral development, to make possible an escape from social responsibility, to open the door to flight from the realities of the actual world. Then the individual either fails to mature religiously as a citizen of the new age or makes the adjustment only after a sorrowful period of emotional storm and stress. It is inevitable that there will be many such cases in a transition age such as ours, but the wise guide of the growing child will seek to give him an emotional security and at-homeness in the natural world, a feeling of comradeship with all his fellows in the world task, joy in living as a responsible bearer of the human heritage, and loyalty to the shared quest of the values of the good life to be enjoyed in a shared world.



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A Southern Textile Epoch

By HAROLD P. MARLEY

THE recent uprisings in the cotton mills in the South, stimulate our interest in the background of the mills and the story of the men who today are arrayed in opposing camps, overshadowed by State militia, organizers from the North and gentleman mobs. The following is about a mill at Greensboro in the Piedmont section of North Carolina, that locality extensively advertised today by the Duke power interests in the hope of bringing in more factories to use their power. The factory is composed of three adjacent units, supports fifteen thousand people and produces some ticking and printed fabrics, but specializes in denim, in the output of which it leads the world. The Jewish proprietors had their birth in the South and the near-South, a priceless possession in the land where a Yankee and a foreigner are looked upon with suspicion.

Herman Cone, the father of the present owners, removed from Tennessee before the outbreak of the Civil War and set up a wholesale grocery establishment in the city of Baltimore. It was a fortunate choice of location for a neutral in the impending crisis, for here the elder Cone could supply both northern and southern sympathizers with food at prices considerably over the purchase figure. Two-dollar flour was bringing thirty dollars a barrel at the close of the war. Caesar and Moses Cone, the two elder of Herman's sons, helped him in the office until they were nineteen and twenty-one respectively, when they became bona fide members of the firm—thereafter called H. Cone and Sons.

The young men traveled in the South in the difficult reconstruction days and discovered that in spite of the demand for groceries and other manufactured products, none could be bought so long as the South was sunk in poverty. Nearly all the people were attached to the land and were as starved as the soil which had been single-cropped for so long. The mountains were filled with "poor whites," called by Frances A. Kemble "the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin that can be found on the face of the earth." Somehow the South existed until 1880; then something happened. The white leadership, now once more in control after the political jag of the blacks and carpetbaggers, decided that industry was all that would save the South. Once more sectional pride was played up and every spare dollar invested in cotton mills to keep the Yankee from getting rich off southern cotton, and to feed the emaciated "poor white."

In a revival meeting one night at Salisbury, the town between Greensboro and Charlotte on the main line of the Southern Railway, a gaunt Tennessee evangelist declared that the thing the town needed next to religion was a cotton mill. The next day a movement was put on foot which was the beginning of a mill which is standing today. Whereas there were few mills in 1870, they soon ran into the hundreds. The mills were organized without thought of marketing the goods, the motive being one of public service, to give twelve hours daily work to poor people for which they received what to them was the enormous sum of seventy-five cents. The mushroom growth of mills soon produced a surplus of cotton textiles. The public-spirited preachers, doctors and school teachers who had gone into the manufacturing business, suddenly found that they would have to perfect a system of marketing.

It was just here that the Cones saw their opportunity. They offered to contract for the entire output of various mills, giving in part payment precious groceries sufficient to stock the company stores in the mill sections. Friends in Baltimore and New York gladly bought the cotton products contracted for—the young Cones pocketing their commission on both groceries and textiles. The cotton side of their business proved so lucrative that gradually they lost interest in the packaged victuals entirely and in 1890 formed the Cone Export and Commission Company with offices in lower Manhattan, and proceeded to contract for all cotton products they could find in the Piedmont Carolinas. Threads, cotton yarns and rope, blue denims, ticking, gayly checked ginghams, toweling, and many other things were listed in their price books. They undersold the products of the New England mills, pointing out to the buyer that mills in proximity to the growing cotton and the gin were at a distinct advantage. Then, too, the balmy climate of the South permitted cheaper living quarters for the farmer and mountaineer who were knocking at the door of the reviving cotton industry.

THE Cone commission business thrived, and in three years the proprietors decided to establish another office in the heart of the Piedmont section of North Carolina at a place now famed as the birthplace of O. Henry and the home of Vick's Vapo Rub. This move proved to be only a stepping-stone to the erection of a factory of their own built on a site just outside Greensboro, then called Greensborough in honor of General Greene who fought Cornwallis close by at the Battle of Guilford Court House.

Cone, like his namesake, the great lawgiver of his ancestors, considered a great many things before he finally chose the promised land destined to flow with milk and honey. The ancient Moses had to think only of the military strength of the Canaanites, whereas this modern one had to take into consideration shipping facilities, taxation, expansion possibilities, labor supply, cotton market, and a host of other troublesome details. He made his choice as wisely as did Brigham Young, another Moses who stood on the edge of a promised land in Utah.

In 1895 the bricks of the new Cone factory began to rise among the pine-covered hills on the main line of the Southern Railway. He had located far enough from the city limits to be forever free from city taxes, so he thought. The Yadkin Valley Railway which crosses the Southern at Greensboro consented to build a spur to the factory site. Around the two-story brick building with its twin elevator towers, were constructed row after row of plasterless, plumbingless frame dwellings, each standing upon bare brick stilts. An ancient

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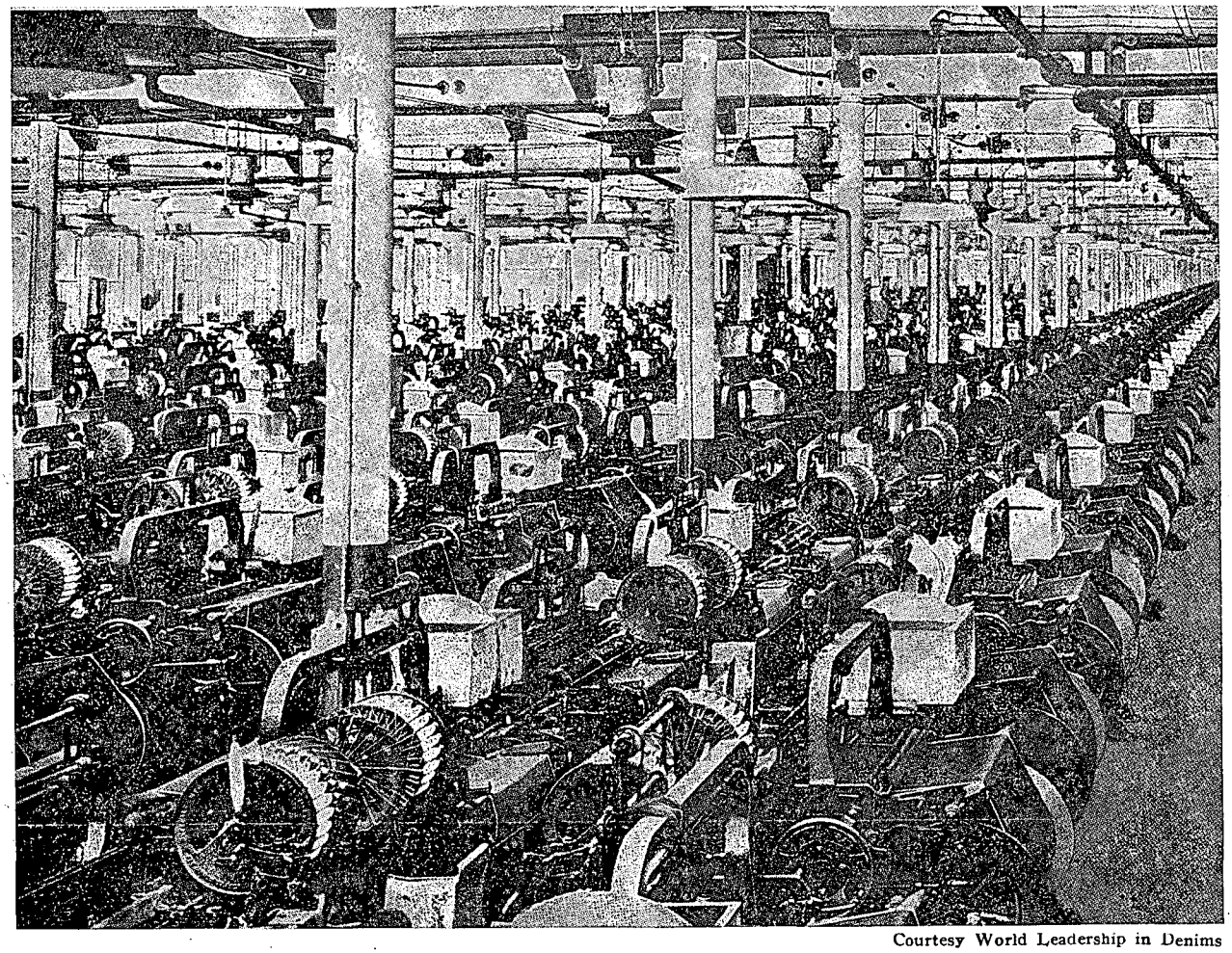

Courtesy World Leadership in Denims

A baronial hall of the machine age, the vast weave room at White Oak, one of the Cone units housing——

visitor might easily have confused the place with a turreted medieval castle and its brood of plebeian abodes for serfs, but he would have been puzzled at the tall smokestacks which hold such a commanding position over the castle-like factory. Should the visitor study the relationships of the people within the village precincts he would recognize at once the autocratic control of the lord of the feudal system, moderated by the strange admixture of benevolence which created a paternal oversight of those who looked to the lord for a living. Moses and Caesar provided medical care when sickness came and even visited personally in the barren homes in times of crisis. They were quick to relieve poverty and were usually generous with gifts at Christmas time.

The two brothers not only felt very close to their own people but to people in general. They had chosen to manufacture a textile which more than any other goes to cover the back of the common man—blue denim. Work clothes are a necessity to commerce, Caesar argued. If the workman is wearing a shoddy garment the whole economic process is slowed down. We will produce a denim which will outwear any other overall material, but which at the same time costs less. The people will save.

Whenever Moses went to New York for his two-week business trip, he was smitten by the complete anonymity of the place. He always walked the long distance from his hotel near Times Square to the North Street office. In describing his experiences upon his return home he said, "You know, in all that distance down Broadway, I never see a soul to say 'good morning.' Nobody knows nobody," he would laugh. "I come back home and even the dogs wag their tails. There's nothing like home—New York is a lonesome old place."

He knew every newsboy in town by name and invariably would be carrying about as many papers as these juvenile salesmen, so impossible was it for him to say "no." Later on they felt free to call at his office when confronted by some financial difficulty. One day an anonymous gift was announced which established a training school for boys. It was a godsend in a community filled with cheap Negro labor and with a growing class of unskilled, indolent whites not yet needed in the mills. The fact that the donor was unnamed puzzled no one—all knew that it was Moses Cone.

ONE Christmas every employe of the telephone company was given a hundred-dollar bill by an unnamed Santa Claus.

"It's from Moses, I'll bet," a girl at the switchboard averred. "Who else would it be?"

"Surely ain't old man Richardson out at Vicks. He's too tight."

It was Moses who was thanked and who in his paternal way gave a cryptic acceptance.

In 1908 when the will of Moses was read, corroboration was furnished that he was indeed the patron saint of the community. The will not only provided endowment for the various institutions which he had created, but it also

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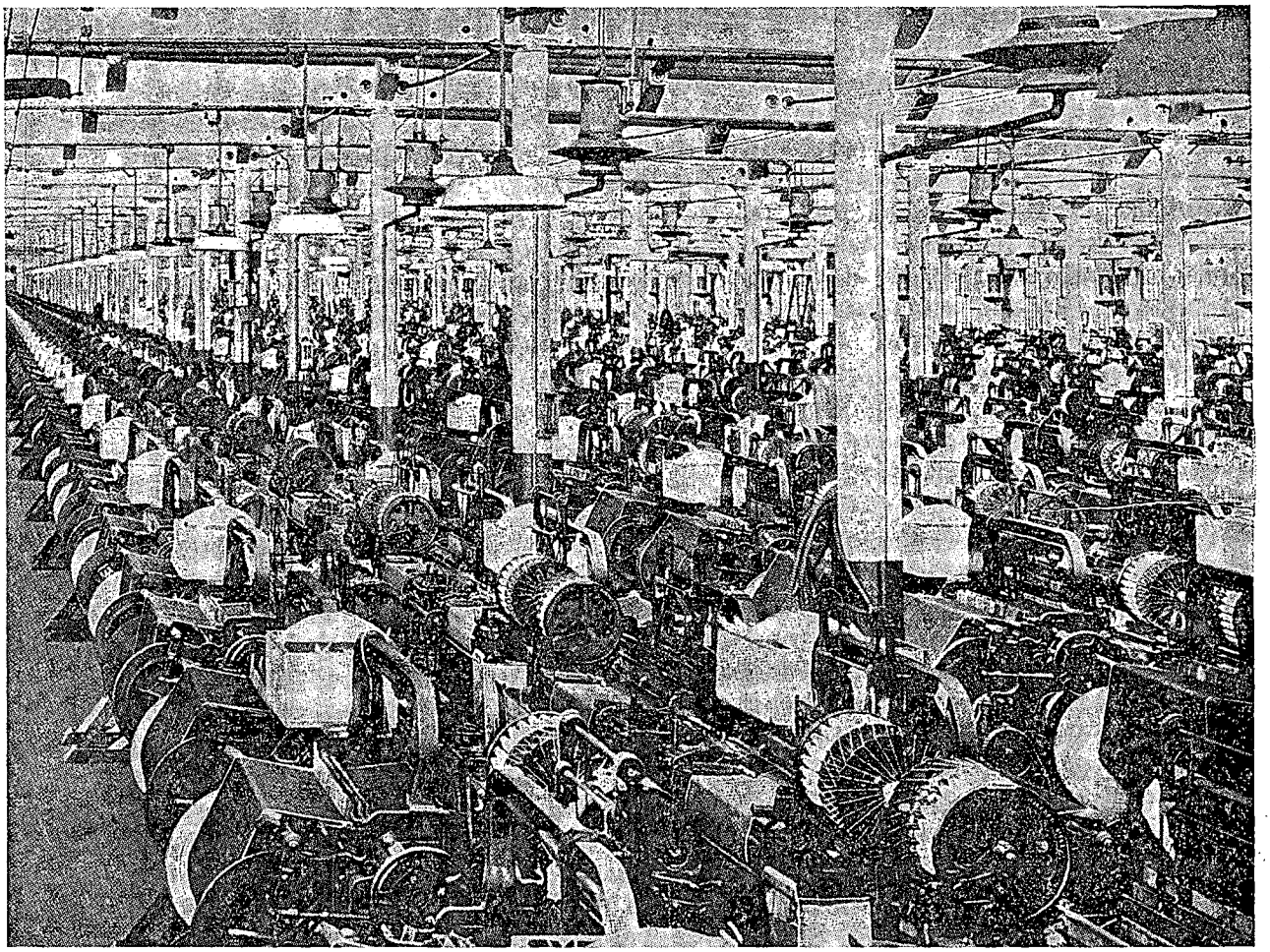

——three thousand looms, each of which delivers more than sixty yards of blue denim every working day

named several additional grants. One of the gifts from his estate was a million dollars for the building of a gigantic hospital near the mills. Unfortunately, this gift is not available until the death of his widow who steadfastly refuses to release the money as long as she lives. The citizens of the growing community as time goes by and as the Catholic hospital becomes more and more overcrowded, grow more and more restive with their white elephant hospital.

Moses was buried in his mountain estate at Blowing Rock. He had asked that the great resort which he had purchased and developed and through which he loved to drive over the twenty miles of private road, be his last resting place. The marble mausoleum was far up on the tallest mountain and was surrounded by a high iron fence. Here for fifteen years he rested quietly, the majestic green-covered mountains serving as a lasting benediction for his benevolent life. During these fifteen years a rumor grew among the mountain people that much jewelry was in the coffin with this benefactor who had given work to their relatives in the distant denim mills. His widow in Baltimore repeatedly disavowed these stories, but the mountaineers wondered why the casket had not been opened at the last as was their custom. One night the fence was surmounted, the door of the vault pried open and the skeleton vainly searched for treasure.

The World War brought a new era to the Cone mills. The frantic efforts of the government to amass an army and supply it with food, clothing, and accoutrements of war, brought a golden chance to many industrial concerns. Caesar Cone and his younger brothers, Julius and Bernard, who had joined the firm since the death of Moses ten years before, gladly agreed to make olive drab denim instead of blue denim. It was easy to change the compound in the smelly indigo dye vats. They promised the government over six million yards a month. In one day the newly enlarged mills spun 413,000 miles of yarn; enough, said Bernard proudly, to wind a strand around the earth fifteen times. Bernard has a degree from Johns Hopkins and prided himself on introducing a new element of brains into the great cotton concern.

THE climactic war prosperity was too much for Caesar, and one night a stroke of paralysis left him quiet and cold. He had crossed too many Rubicons in his life conquest. Like his brother, he left a great fortune in the hands of his widow, without specifying how it was to be spent. She had a sentimental attachment to the great house with its white pillars which her husband had built. Although she seldom lived in it, servants always kept the spacious rooms in perfect order, and the ten acres of yard and garden were groomed with meticulous care. Caesar was buried in a special family cemetery on the edge of the mill village, near enough for the roar of the looms to penetrate the high iron fence and dense shrubbery.

Today, the business continues to prosper under the presidency of Bernard, while Julius gives most of his time to banking and the commission company. Their sons, Herman and Benjamin, recently out of college, are rapidly mastering the various phases of the Cone business interests. So smoothly

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does the business run that Bernard has time to dabble in social service in the mill village, manage the schools, and he has recently published a profusely illustrated book, World Leadership in Denims. In it high tribute is paid to his brothers and the book states that the business today is being carried on "with all the industry, the sagacity, and the daring that have characterized the operation of these great mills since their inception." This cannot be doubted. The income tax returns which were published in September of 1925, showed that Bernard, the widows of Moses and Caesar, and various other relatives who held stock of the denim concern, paid the government almost $150,000. Truly, sagacity and daring were required to amass personal profits for the chief stockholders, of three quarters of a million dollars. In addition to this, the company itself paid a tax of $38,827, while the commission part of the business, the original pride of Bernard's brothers, had an income sufficient to be taxed to the larger amount of $127,000. This had been a bad year for cotton textiles—the previous year the mills paid the government over five times this much. Even so, the Cones led all other Southern mills in their profits, the next highest being the Cannon towel mills at Kannapolis.

IT was unfortunate that the tax returns were published so prominently in the local paper, The Greensboro Daily News. It was still more unfortunate that the sagacity and daring of Bernard caused him to announce a new wage policy about the same time. An operative in the carding-room passed around the clipping from the newspaper which displayed the earnings of the Cones, and some one fastened it on the bulletin board beside the neatly typewritten notice which read that due to the industrial depression in the cotton textile market, the management would hereafter pay twelve and a half cents a hank instead of fourteen and a half cents. It was further explained that each man would be assigned additional machines which would enable him to more than make up the difference. It was a policy known as "stretching," but the men in the carding-room, feeling they had been "stretched" enough, walked out of the factory.

"We work for a song, an' do all the singin'," exclaimed one of the men, as he mentally beheld his three-dollar-a-day wage whittled down to a place where his wife would have to start work again on the night shift in the spinning-room. The Cone mills had more looms than spinning machines could supply with thread, so the eleven and a half hour night shift in the spinning-rooms was a necessity from the standpoint of factory efficiency, even as manning the machines through the long night hours was imperative from the standpoint of family income.

The strike occurred in the White Oak mill, the largest unit of the huge factory. Bernard was filled with anxiety lest it should spread to the Revolution and Proximity works, but he was determined not to "give in" to the men. He ordered his superintendent to issue eviction notices to the forty key men who had walked out and tied up an entire working force of two thousand men, women, and children. The notice was served personally and stated in emphatic terms: "According to contract and the state law, you are hereby notified to move out and vacate our house within three days from this date." Each night several thousand residents of the mill village gathered near the entrance to the mill, which had been completely surrounded by a seven-foot steel-wire fence since the death of Moses and Caesar. Being unfamiliar with the modern tactics of striking cotton mill operatives, they did nothing more offensive than sing revival hymns. No organizer came from the North to encourage them, or offer leadership to their cause.

A week dragged by without either side giving in.

"If only Moses or Caesar were alive," was the futile wish expressed on every hand. "They never cheated us—we could trust them." A rumor persisted that the widow of Caesar was coming back from her estate to settle things.

Poor Bernard was beside himself. He could not understand why matters should not proceed smoothly as they had for his brothers. "After all I've done for them—and they turn against me," he said to himself as he paced the floor of his office. He had built new parsonages for the various ministers in the mill villages and had given four dollars for every dollar subscribed toward the erection of two new churches. He had contributed heavily to a fund necessary to erect two Y.M.C.A. buildings by the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. They selected the Cone villages as an experimental field and under their program both men and women gathered in the evenings to take shower-baths, play games, or study mill arithmetic or loom-fixing in night classes. The school buildings were not especially modern, but he was giving a nine-months term whereas other county schools ran for only six months. The added expense in maintaining them for these additional months to bring them up to the city standards, he paid for out of company profits. Few people knew, however, that he was saving forty thousand dollars a year in tax money by an agreement entered into at the time the mill section had been incorporated into the growing city, whereby he was not forced to pay the city school taxes. Lately, the secret was being displayed in full-page advertisements in the local paper at the behest of the Vapo Rub people on the other side of town, who regarded this agreement as unfair discrimination. Bernard was as generous at Christmas as had been his brothers. He no longer filled the orders which youngsters mailed to Santa Claus, but he saw that each one received a bag of nuts, candy, and toys. Each Yuletide a full carload of choice hams was switched off at the Cone mill siding and the savory gifts were automatically distributed to families in the village and "friends" in the town.

BUT Bernard was living in a different age than his brothers. Moses and Caesar had faced problems, but they were largely organization, production, and distribution difficulties. They had never known insubordination of workers—the face-to-face contact had been maintained to the last. Shoes had been bought for barefoot children and doctor bills gladly paid. The family had outgrown the old paternal wineskins but the stubborn Bernard hung on to the old philosophy, refusing to make the adjustments which the new day was making in his employes. A grade-school graduate ambitious to be a school teacher, went to him for help but was discouraged. The offer of work in the mill, made to all fourteen-year-olds, was renewed but again refused. For four years the girl walked two miles to the nearest highschool and by tremendous effort which necessitated a long daily streetcar trip, she was finally able to get two years of college work. A young man who wanted to be a doctor was given better treat- (*Continued on page* 55)

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Contrasts in a Post-War Generation

By JANE ADDAMS

IF throughout the Nineteen Twenties many of us felt that the spirit of intolerance had spread over our own time, choking free sensibilities and stunting the growth of the spirit, it was because we were able to compare these years with pre-war times. Naturally we looked with anxiety upon the young, who had grown up in this atmosphere and knew no other.

I am quite confident, however, that while the inhibitions of this post-war decade seem obvious to us, such an interpretation will strike young people as most surprising, because their impression of the period would doubtless be its courage in the rejection of inhibitions. They would instance their sense of release and their new confidence in self-expression.

Of course we realize that each generation clings with an almost romantic fervor to the aims of its own age and because we must always make a distinct effort in order to keep open the channels of communication with youth, it is very easy to misunderstand them. They not only think differently, so that their opinions are unlike our own, but they exhibit a tendency to surround these differences with secrecy, lest the old become horrified and try to destroy what they cannot understand. I will confess that what disturbed me during this period and what seemed most unlike my own youth, was the spirit of conformity in matters of opinion among young people, especially among college students. In a city like Chicago this may be due somewhat to the fact that many young people who go to college and to the universities, are the children of immigrants. They are anxious to appear as if their families had lived in America much longer than they really have and to conform so carefully that no one will suspect their recent coming. Conformity thus becomes a sort of protective coloring.

This situation may have been intensified beyond its normal manifestations by the fact that after the war there was a great access of students in all of the higher institutions of learning. This was due partly to increased prosperity and partly to the new impressions which many young men had received in the army, among them one that "the college fellows were always the officers." This increased zeal for education was all to the good, of course, and we are told in the young people's defense that we misinterpret their desire for conformity to their own standards, that it is really a defiance of the authority which is so often associated with obsolete standards. But this would mean that in the very assertion of independence each one feels that he must be bolstered by others, and must constantly reassure himself that he is, after all, very much like the people with whom he is identified.

It is doubtless true that in the heart of every young person lies a certain fear that he may not make good, for he is conscious of weakness in himself that he is not sure of in anyone else. It may be that our contemporary young people, in addition to this inevitable burden of youth, are carrying their share of that "fear-control" so apparent throughout the nation after the war and everywhere expressing itself in a dread of change, in a desire to play safe and to let well enough alone. We may easily believe that the combination overwhelmed their nascent strength and forced them into an undue conformity. Or, are we all equally afraid of what will happen to us if we do not carefully conform, and do the young simply conform more obviously in their anxiety to do it properly, quite as they are more meticulous as to their hats and shoes? Every thoughtful traveler who came to America during the early post-war period remarked upon our excessive conformity and explained it in various ways. One well-known philosopher said:

> Although machinery makes man collectively more lordly in his attitude toward nature, it tends to make the individual more subservient to his group. Perhaps this is one cause of the fact that the herd instinct is so much more insistent in America than in England, and that individual liberty is less respected, both socially and politically. I think, however, that the more important cause is the mixture of races and nationalities in the United States which makes herd instinct a necessary, unifying force.

Whether or not we accept these explanations, we must agree that the opening of the windows to vigorous thought, the pungent criticism which "the man from the soil" was long supposed to bring into academic halls, lost ground in American colleges. There is no doubt that the conformity and lack of independence current among American students are often incomprehensible to their fellow students in other countries.

In Calcutta, where I was once addressing an audience composed largely of young men, I found myself briskly heckled: it began when a young man in a very Oxfordian accent asked me if the people in the United States still believe that all men are created free and equal. I discovered that I was being grilled because the day before the United States Supreme Court had sustained a decision that a Hindu could not become an American citizen. These Hindu students all thought this decision a great unfairness, for not only did it hurt their race pride but they considered it a blow to their nationalistic movement. What bewildered them most of all was that no protest came from the student body in the United States who they felt should be defending the basic doctrines upon which new nations, including the United States, had been founded. They believed that the young throughout the world were united in upholding these doctrines and they could not understand such indifference when this breach of principle had been made.

BECAUSE the effect of war on our social institutions was responsible for a period of political and social sag, did the young people attempting to recapture life, just when democratic advance had been discredited, when political and social changes were inhibited, inevitably push forward their own experimentation into the more intimate areas of life? The new psychology had stressed the importance of those sub-conscious, deep-lying strata of personality, which profounder than reason, are a direct product of racial experience; in addition, the Freudian theories as to dangers of repression, were seized upon by agencies of publicity, by half-baked

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lecturers and by writers on the new psychology, and finally interpreted by reckless youth as a warning against self-control. All of this profoundly influenced the attitude of children to parents and the attitude of the sexes toward each other.

It was impossible, of course, that the experiences of war should not have made changes in the conception of the family unit, which responds to social pressure as do other social institutions, and the pressure brought upon the family during war was tremendous. According to English writers, under the post-war conditions young people demanded personal happiness as theirs by right, decried sentimentalism and exalted sex; they were opposed to all hampering social conventions and even to established reticences. Sir Philip Gibbs has written of this period:

> Sex was a mother of hysteria in a civilization which had created innumerable disharmonies between the body and the mind, among people who were oversensitive and overstrained—and yet without this passion there would be no beauty, no joy, no life. . . . How could one get the balance between its good and evil, its spiritual fulfilment and its thwarted impulses, its loyalities and its treacheries? The balance of life had been upset somehow. The old controls had weakened. There was no faith in self-sacrifice or future compensations for earthly suffering. There was a fierce demand for happiness here and now lest all should be lost.

In their revolt against Victorian prudery, against innuendoes and distrust of natural impulses, they made a cult of frankness. They derided especially the doctrine that "there is no conduit for the mastery of the world other than the mastery of self." Many of them were amused at the appeal in what they called "the priceless mid-Victorian notion of duty." It seemed at moments to their amused elders as if Wordsworth's Ode to Duty, couched in jingling rhythm the young so heartily despise, had become their guide:

> Serene would be our days and bright,
> And happy would our natures be,
> If Joy were an unerring light,
> And love its own security.

Upon an affirmative reply to the question that the joy of self-expression is an unerring light and that love is its own security, these unresisting believers in the power of the subconscious, easily arrive at a denial of the value of self-criticism and of self-discipline. In their refusal to be tied to conceptions of duty, they threaten to become abject followers of blind forces admittedly beyond their control. In a moment of exasperation Epicurus is reported to have exclaimed that he would rather be a slave to old gods of the vulgar than to the forces of Destiny evoked by the philosophers of his day. The fear of missing some emotional stimulus may well become a tyranny worse than the austere guidance of duty.

But if all that makes for self-expression and self-development, and the determination to secure a new freedom in sex relations seems at moments to absorb the entire reforming energy of the young, it is also obvious to them that the previous generation was too exclusively concerned for the masses, too intent upon the removal of what seemed unfair restrictions for the man at the bottom of society. Have these contemporary young people inevitably gone back to liberty for the individual? Does the pendulum have to swing back and forth from individual to collective effort and does it always seem inconsistent as the two advocates pass each other? Of this I recall a striking instance. We had tried to interest a group of people who through their own journal, had long stressed individual liberty, in the political liberty of the inhabitants of Haiti, which at the moment was occupied by United States Marines. A committee in which the Women's International League had been represented, had visited the island and came back to urge public opinion in favor of self-government of Haiti. "Political liberty," however, seemed of no consequence to this journal, so committed to the liberty of the individual, and as we talked to them about it, we seemed to be speaking two different languages. Apparently, to this set of people as to many another, freedom meant unlimited opportunities for "self-development"—the recognition on the part of society that such freedom was important and the next step in social reform. This desired freedom and self-development was always associated in some way with the breaking down of sex taboos and with the establishment of new standards of marriage.

PERHAPS this astounding emphasis upon sex was the less comprehensible because of the unique element in the social situation during the last half century, regarding the role played by the educated unmarried woman. For a considerable period after the door of opportunity began to be slowly opened to woman, she was practically faced with an alternative of marriage or a "career." She could not have both apparently for two reasons. Men did not at first want to marry women of the new type, and women could not fulfil the two functions of profession and home-making until modern inventions had made a new type of housekeeping practicable, and perhaps one should add, until public opinion tolerated the double role. Little had been offered to the unmarried woman of the earlier generations but a dependence upon relatives which was either grudged or exploited, with the result that the old maid herself was generally regarded as narrow and unhappy and, above all, hopelessly embittered. Changing conditions, however, gradually produced a large number of women, selected by pioneer qualities of character and sometimes at least by the divine urge of intellectual hunger, who were self-suporting and devoted to their chosen fields of activity. Emily Greene Balch has written to me as follows:

> Men had normally given hostages to fortune in the shape of families. Professional women were far freer in general to risk their jobs for the sake of unpopular principles and tabooed forms of activity. They had, too, a quite special spur in the desire to prove incorrect the general belief that they were congenitally incapable. They found a tingling zest in discovering that it is not true, as woman had been brought up to believe, that she was necessarily weaker and more cowardly, incapable of disinterested curiosiy, unable to meet life on her own merits. Much good feminine energy went astray in proving that women could do this and that which had been marked taboo, when perhaps this or that was not the most desirable thing to do. There was also another incentive in the sense of opening the way to others and the sharing of an interesting experiment.
>
> Is it compatible with the modern theories about sex that two generations of professionally trained women lived, without vows or outward safeguards, completely celibate lives with no sense of its being difficult or of being misunderstood? Some of them later married; most of them did not. Now they are old or oldish women, how do they feel about it? They are rather a reserved lot, but quite willing to admit that it has been a serious loss, certainly, to have missed what is universally regarded as the highest form of woman's experience; but there is no evidence that they themselves or those who know them best find in them the abnormality that the Freudian psychoanalysts of life would have one look for. They are strong, resistant, and active, and grow old in kindly and mellow fashion; their attitude to life is based upon active interest; they are neither excessively repelled nor excessively attracted to that second-hand intimacy with sexuality which modern science and modern literature so abundantly displays. It is, however, strange

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to them to read interpretations of life, in novels, plays, and psychological treatises that represent sex as practically the whole content of life; family feeling, religion and art, as mere camouflaged libido; and everything that is not concerned with the play of desire between men and women as without adventure, almost without interest.

If the educated unmarried women of the period between the Civil War and the World War represent an unique phase, it is one that has important implications which have not yet been adequately recognized by those who insist upon the imperious claims of sex.

If this period in which the unmarried woman played her part was marked by an undue interest in social and economic reform, it was perhaps natural that the next generation should choose other objects for its endeavor. The determination to improve the relations between the sexes has been contemporaneous with widespread and sustained efforts in the fields of education and public health and, above all, with a marked increase of concern for world affairs. While interest waned in such questions as "the initiative and referendum" or "public ownership of public utilities," there has come a new awareness of other peoples, a lively interest in foreign matters and at least the stirrings of a will to organize this politically chaotic world. In the midst of the militarism and repressions which have overhung for a decade and more following Versailles, there has risen a new demand for political action looking toward a peaceful world.

IF the formula is trustworthy that a behaving organism reacts to the stimulus of its entire environment, certainly those young people of the post-war generation, who have thus so enormously enlarged their environmental interest are facing the possibility of discovering and utilizing new motivations. They are out for an honest, frank, and efficiently hard world. In approaching life by a new synthesis they evince a fine sense of social adventure and of course utilize the tireless energy of discovery which belongs so preeminently to youth. Typical of the directness and efficiency put into international relations by the contemporary generation, is the No More War Movement in England with its scathing descriptions of the shattered world which has been handed over to them. Such fresh statements on the part of post-war youth broke into that self-righteousness which so persistently dogs the feet of the sober middle-aged and the elderly and has always wrought its full share of havoc. Our self-righteousness was pretty well disabled when we were reminded by the Youth Movement that of all the generations of men who have lived upon the face of the earth, our generation has the least claim to advise the next. The responsible adults living in the world in 1914 had been unable to avert the great war which resulted in the annihilation of ten million young men. The occurence of such a catastrophe must have been due to the lack of adequate political arrangements between the nations, so that when difficult international situations arose the statesmen were unable to compose them. It must inevitably appear that the commercial and industrial development of the world outran the political arrangements, and above all, that there was no morality vigorous enough and sufficiently international in outlook to forestall such a disaster, nor to keep it within bounds when it did occur. The next generation will never know what its own world would have been had the millions of young men killed in the war survived, and had they been able to bring to its tangled affairs their experience and understanding. One of the young soldiers, a survivor, has written:

> And that is just why they let us down so badly. For us lads of eighteen they ought to have been mediators and guides to the world of maturity, the world of work, of duty, of culture, of progress—to the future. We often made fun of them and played jokes on them, but in our hearts we trusted them. The idea of authority, which they represented, was associated in our minds with a greater insight and a manlier wisdom. But the great war shattered this belief. We had to recognize that our generation was more to be trusted than theirs. They surpassed us only in phrases and in cleverness. The first bombardment showed us our mistake, and under it the world as they had taught it to us, broke in pieces.

At least the insufferable assumption that the older generation is per se wiser, has been cleared out of the way. All of us, of whatever age, should therefore find it easier to work together.

The objects of current idealism change from generation to generation and consequently, in addition to the struggle of opposing interests, there is also "the battle of the angels." Because of this difference in ideals, and the sense of struggle between them, the two generations inevitably face a period of conflict unless they are open to that conception of social forces which comes from "integration" in the sphere of activities rather than in that of ideas. What we want is not more argument, certainly not suppression of any sort, but the release of energy and the evocation of new powers in common action.

All diversity, Miss Follott assures us, in that remarkable book of hers, Creative Experience, if wisely handled may lead to the something new which neither side possesses; whereas if one side submits to the other or a compromise is made, we have no progress in the end. She makes it very clear that integration "occurs in the sphere of activities, of desires, of interests, not in that of mere ideas or of verbal symbols." This necessity for united action and the belief that mutual interests should take the place of discussion, tend to make cooperation easier than ever before. I recall various demands for action made upon us by the oncoming generation with a challenge not only that something immediate should be done but also with the intimation that owing to our inaction in the past, the present situation had become unsupportable. This indictment coupled with a plea for common action, although it occurs from time to time, always comes unexpectedly. I have in mind a meeting of the Fellowship of Reconciliation held in Peking, when a young Chinaman who was the pastor of a native Christian Church recited the difficulty in which China was then involved because military governors in the various provinces had fairly destroyed the process of civil government and each, in the hope that he would some day be head of China, was working against all the others. The young man said:

> We have wholeheartedly and devotedly accepted your religion, but you of the West have not worked out any technique that we can use in a national crisis such as this. What would a Christian country like your own do if you were confronted with a problem like ours? Are your theological students working out methods which we may in time be able to use? It is hardly fair to give us the doctrine, to urge us to do the "will" and to leave us unequipped as to actual practice.

Of course, I should have been only too happy to tell him that our young men of the West in the theological schools and elsewhere were ardently working upon such a technique. In the absence of this possibility and owing to my difficulty in making him understand why our college youth did not seize upon this tremendous task, I refrained from telling him that China's best hope for help in the West would come more

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naturally from the older generation from whom they obviously did not expect it.

Did the difficulty arise from that curious lack of synchronism between the ideals and devotions of the members of the same generation? Would those of us fed upon Victorian ideals, see more clearly and sympathetically the significance of the political aspirations of these young Orientals than their own Western contemporaries did? This would likely be true, because both China and India are basing their demand for political freedom and indepenent citizenship upon those earlier political concepts which had established the independence of many existing nationalities and had freed the slaves throughout the world. But the particular demand the young Christian preacher made at that moment was for help in a definite line of action in which our generation in the West had most completely failed. In finding a substitute for violence and in the actual use of so called "soul force," India has outstripped us by years although it was our own particular generation in the West who had had a chance to profit by Tolstoy's teaching. We could not expect the youth in Europe or America, surrounded by military training and nurtured in the doctrine of the efficacy of war, to care for the ideal of non-violence as we might have done. Mere discussion with that little group of earnest young Christians was obviously useless; Gandhi alone in all the world could offer them "integration in the sphere of activity."

ANOTHER instance of a call for mutual action came in connection with a tense situation during the months following the War when the British government was dealing with the uprising in Ireland by methods too well known to need recapitulation here. The Irish in America were relating in grisly detail the atrocities of the Black and Tans and not only inflaming their traditional hostility toward England but also influencing to a very marked degree America's opinion in regard to the League of Nations on the ground of Great Britain's six votes and by many another jibe. In the midst of this situation, the New York Nation held an election for membership on an "Irish Commission" to sift the charges and if possible recommend negotiations between the contestants; upon which I was, perhaps unfortunately, elected a member. This Irish Commission sat in Washington where many witnesses were heard who came from Ireland for the express purpose. The Chairman of the Commission was Hollingsworth Wood, a well-known Quaker who had been in communication with the Quakers in Ireland, and we fortunately had as members two United States Senators, one from each of the leading political parties. No British responded to our urgent request to appear, except two English women, one of them now a member of Parliament, who had gone into Ireland on behalf of the British section of the Woman's International League and came over to tell the Commission of their findings.

One of the interesting aspects of the hearings, for me at least, was the fact that in the midst of the actual warfare there had been a very large amount of passive resistance. The Irish had so far refused to use the British courts of justice that some of the court houses were actually closed. The Irish were, of course, obliged to set up their own courts, held in secret, which administered a rough and ready justice. There was in it apparently not only a gesture of revolt but a desire for a non-resistant demonstration against the existing government.

The Commission in Washington opened its hearings soon after the death of Terence MacSweney which was the result of a hunger strike in an English prison. His sisters appeared before us, and others of his intimate friends and followers, reflecting the glory which martyrdom always carries and opening up the question of how far it is possible to use it as strategy.

Although the Commission was forced to hear only one side of the controversy, which was exactly what we had not wished to do, the published report of conditions in Ireland, in its essentials was never contradicted, and at least brought a new sense of understanding of a complicated situation, to those involved in it.

The accident that the Congress of the Woman's International League subsequently met in Ireland (1926) gave to this work with the Irish Commission an additional and unexpected value. It doubtless added to the warm welcome which we received there where, as the Irish humorously said, a peace meeting had never been held before. The "integrating" value of a common effort was illustrated at the very first public session of the Congress (held in the hall of the National University, which had been placed at our disposal) where both Mr. Cosgrove, the President of the Irish Free State, and Mr. DeValera, leader of the Republicans appeared as guests. While the two men did not meet on this occasion, that they both remained under the same roof made the adherents of both say that there was something in this peace idea after all. They little suspected that they both came because the League members of the differing factions had been able to work together on the committee of arrangements and each group for the first time had invited its own friends to come to the same place.

There was something about the meeting in this new nation that gave us a direct touch with the spirit of youth with whom all things are possible, and this in spite of the serious difficulties which Ireland was facing. Within the W.I.L. itself, as in other international undertakings, two things gradually became evident: that youth was determined to make a new world in which it might live in safety, and that our generation was able to understand their efforts only when we were actually working with them; that a mutual purpose coalesced best through action, and that there was no other basis for genuine understanding.

STILL another illustration of the interaction between expansion of interests and new developments of activity, has been the movement for exchange fellowships and the resulting accession of foreign students to the United States. Ten thousand is the estimate made for the current year, with perhaps half the number of American students in Europe on the exchange fellowship basis. Many of these migrant students come to Hull-House each year, sometimes only for an "inspection," sometimes to remain for weeks or months. Among the latter have come those from France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Switzerland, absorbed in academic studies or in the "fine arts," in social work or in methods in industrial organization. Whatever their special interest, they have all proved to be enthusiastic for the new relations developing between different nations and eager for a clear basis of actual knowledge upon which it might be built. They are conscious of the gain in the sheer fact that in the decade following the World War, the great powers have tried again and again to adjust their conflicts by the method of general conference. It seemed to those who liked to quote "the historian of the future," that this effort is comparable in

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world affairs to the birth of representative government or any other of the great historic advances. They predicted that they would be able some day to boast that in their youth mankind took its first practical step to establish human society upon a world basis. A very real and matter of fact world was being evolved before their eyes, and they took it for granted that men and women of all ages were committed to it.

I had much the same impression of interest centered in actual achievement during the summer of 1929 when our Woman's International League Congress met in Prague. Perhaps it was because a remarkable list of peace-loving men at the moment held high governmental office, and that to President Masaryk were added Briand, Stresemann, MacDonald, Hoover, and Stauning of Denmark. Without claiming that these men were or have been pacifists, the young women in our Congress reminded us that it would not be possible in any other period of world history to cite such a group of responsible statesmen so determined to find political expression for better international relation.

The emphasis upon achievement was further demonstrated by the fact that among the delegates who came to Prague, were five members of parliament: Emmy Freundlich, the first woman M.P. in Austria and the only woman government representative at the World Economic Conference; Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., from England; Agnes MacPhail from Canada; Helga Larsen from Denmark; and Milena Rudnicka, Ukrainian member of the Polish Parliament, all of whom had rigorously advocated the cause of peace in their legislative capacity. We heard reports that the League had lead a very active life during the three years since we had met in Dublin: reports of the very successful mission of two of our members to the women of Indo-China and of China; of journeys made into the new Baltic states and into the Balkans, in preparation for an East European Congress held in Vienna. We also had a report of the brilliant congress arranged by our League in Frankfurt-on-Main, on modern methods of warfare in relation to the civilian populations. The technical as well as the ethical side of the situation had been ably presented, and well-known scientists had agreed with the military experts that no adequate means of protection for the civil population in time of war is now possible; the only way to safety lies through policies leading to disarmament.

But always there was this stress upon achievement and I more easily understood the spirit abroad in Europe when a report was given to our W.I.L. Congress in Prague in 1929, from a remarkable gathering of five hundred young people representing the youth movement in thirty-one nations, which had been held in Holland in August 1928. In spite of diverging views and heated discussions, Youth had solemnly decided that they could not afford to ignore the opinions of those with whom they disagreed; and they indicted a certain section of the older generation because they would be ready to go to war whenever national finances permitted, and they also accused them of gross stupidity because they made no serious attempt to understand their adversaries. It was evident that they did not trust their elders even yet, in regard to war. I recalled what an upstanding young man at a meeting in Washington had said:

> We are throwing our lives into a venture of trust in men. . . . Youth is not discarding old traditions, but assuming authority on behalf of the people who come after. . . . We are out to abolish treason to the human race. . . . We take our stand against bombs on homes! We are through with killing children. We will give as a pledge of faith in mankind an outlawry of war in ourselves.

This speech, although delivered by an American, had in it something of the spirit of the Youth Movement which has arisen in one European country after the other since the War, for it is perhaps inevitable that those nearest to the great war should feel most impatient for immediate action.

Possibly the younger people are more naturally sensitive to a nascent world-consciousness than the older ones. Perhaps we of the outgoing generation, are only too aware that war as an institution blasts the hopes of mankind, and are too apprehensive that if cherished social movements should be again well under way, they might again be destroyed and scattered to the winds by another war. There may be a poetic justice in the fact that our generation will be crippled for evermore by the effects of the war which we failed to avert.

ALL over the world there were many non-governmental efforts to secure better international relations. Immediately after the Peace Conference in Paris—perhaps because it was seen that the position of official representatives was almost impossibly difficult—Englishmen and Americans attached to their respective delegations feeling the need of freer and more thorough study, organized the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London and the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City. Later there was organized through the efforts of the Pan-Pacific Union an Institute of Pan-Pacific Relations which has come to be considered almost official in questions affecting the countries of the Pacific area. While the United States has through Congress attempted to preserve its traditional isolation, we have been unable to ignore the interlocking character of world politics, and the rapid extension of financial and political interests has forced the country to take part in this new conference method. Several universities have developed institutes for conference discussion of international relations; among them the University of Chicago, the University of Virginia and a dozen others. Perhaps the most significant approach to international affairs from the scientific standpoint is the Walter Hines Page School for International Relations established at Johns Hopkins University in 1926.

The proposition to outlaw war by international agreement was first made by a well known attorney in Chicago and after a campaign exhibiting great devotion on the part of the originator and of its first adherents, Outlawry of War became a popular cause throughout the United States and finally resulted in the Pact of Paris more popularly known as the Kellogg Pact. The difficulties ahead lie in the enforcement of this high resolve and unless it is to prove an example, like the Prohibition Amendment, of governmental action outrunning public opinion every effort for popular backing must promptly be made along both educational and empirical lines. As Ramsay MacDonald has said in connection with the Kellogg-Briand treaties, the mentality of the people must be transformed from a dependence upon military security to a dependence upon political security, the latter "rooted in public opinion and enforced by a sense of justice in a civilized world."

This is the task awaiting this post-war generation. It will require all their efficiency to accomplish that in which their immediate predecessors so completely failed. After all it is not so much that the different generations are hostile to each other as that they find each (*Continued on page* 64)

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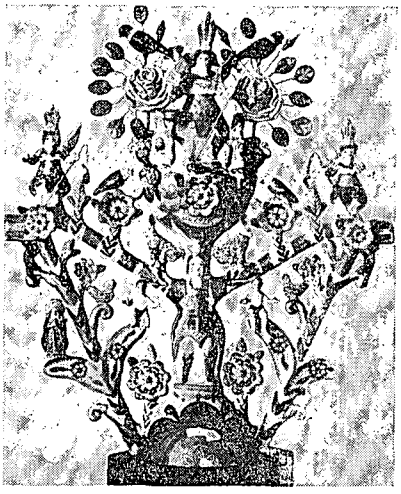

A Mexican Interpretation of Mexico

THANKS to the initiative of Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow an exposition of Mexican fine and applied arts has been organized under the patronage of the Carnegie Institute and the American Federation of Arts, which will be shown this month at the Metropolitan Museum in New York and subsequently on a tour over a good portion of the United States. In gathering the objects, the writer has been guided in his choices by the principle that this exposition was to be one of Mexican arts and not of arts in Mexico.

The Spanish conquerors found a number of individual cultures such as Aztec, Tarascan, Totonacan. By imposing on them one religion, one language and one code of ethics and social forms, and by breaking up all their material manifestations from temple to picture manuscript, the Spaniards succeeded in the complete destruction of the different nations, but left untouched the basic esthetic elements of the Indian.

The race survived and developed, and in a slow process, unnoticed by Indian and foreigner, the Indian mind molded the conqueror's form-elements into his own concepts. New Spain began to live a cultural life of its own. And this new life, originating from the Indian, gradually drew into its circle the Mestizo and even Mexican-born Spaniard. As result, the Indian concepts and foreign form elements melted into a Mexican civilization. For almost 300 years it grew and intensified itself until it could no longer remain incorporated in a unit ruled by policies and laws that were made for another culture.

Mexico's political independence however did not immediately free her cultural ambitions. The long rule of the Spaniards in Colonial times, the European influence in the 19th century and, finally, the existing close intercourse with the United States, resulted in each of the three epochs in the creation of objects of exquisite workmanship and taste that can only be appreciated as unassimilated copies of foreign models. The young republic was ruled during the 19th century by a group that had not yet realized the strength of Mexico's own civilization and therefore chose France as a model in all cultural matters. This condition naturally led to a further revolution, that of 1910 on.

The intellectual leaders of the Madero revolution were the first to confess proudly their Mexican ideology. The best known manifestation of this period is the so-called Mexican Renaissance of painting. A group of young artists, who aspired to express Mexican subjects in a Mexican way, were given space in government buildings to decorate them with frescos that have since acquired international fame. Subsequent efforts have been made in almost every other field of cultural self-expression from ethics to law, from social form to political life, to find distinctive Mexican formulas for these cultural elements.

This exposition is divided therefore into two sections, modern and old applied arts which represent the unconscious expression of Mexican ideology, and fine arts which represent its conscious manifestation. The ambition has been to present a Mexican interpretation of Mexico.

RENÉ D'HARNONCOURT

The Sahumedor (or incense burner for ritual use) was chosen for this first page because in its blending of European form elements and native conception it typifies the genesis of the new Mexican civilization. Here are Catholic saints and angels, a conventionalized rose that might have done duty in mid-Victorian wax works. But the general composition and craftsmanship are Indian; witness the branch-like arms with birds and jack-rabbits perched on them. The piece, painted, of burned clay, is from the state of Guerrero (1910). Candlesticks of such design are used at village weddings, and if the mating is to hold, the bride's family must not let the candle's flame go out on the wedding night.

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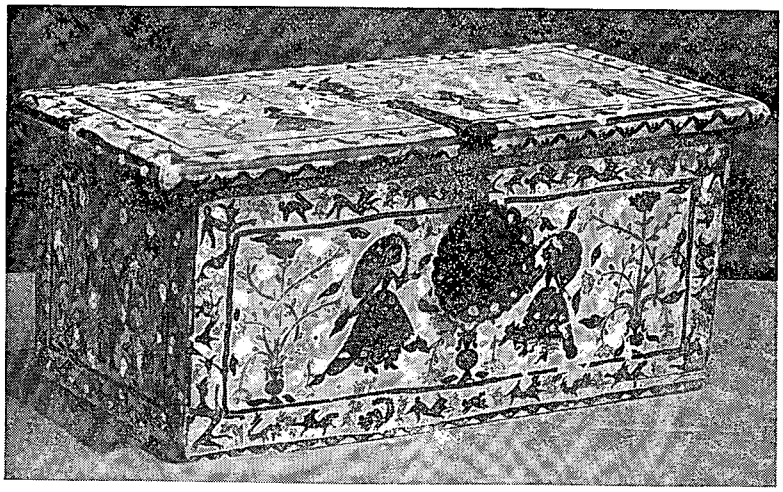
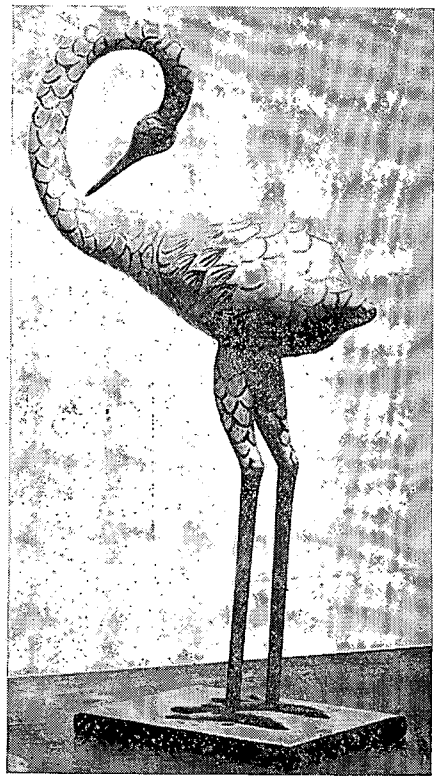
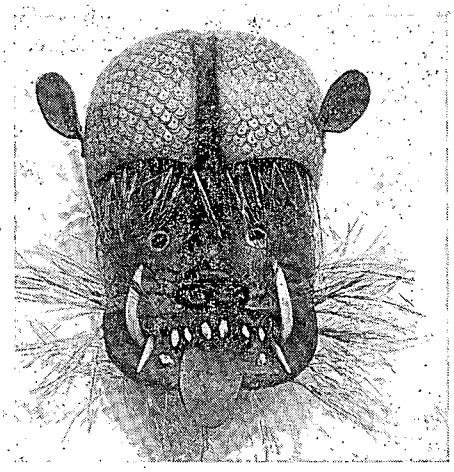


The technique and prime materials as well as the general outline are Indian. Yet the figures are readily recognizable as renditions of the Spanish belles of the times. Olinala. Guerrero. Eighteenth Century.



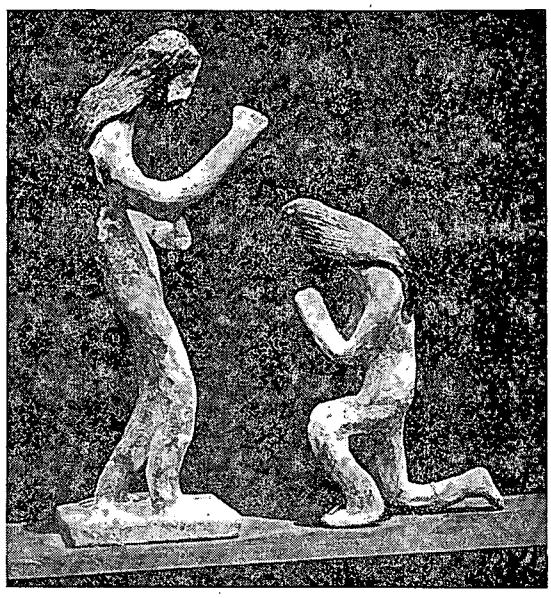
Gourd Bird which affords a glimpse of the playful mind of the native artist. It took at least twenty-five hours to polish the laquer on this graceful figure. Patz cuaro, Michoacan. Early Nineteenth Century.

Ritual Dance Mask—one of the few which may be traced to pre-conquest warrior costumes. This was used in the tiger dance. It was made of painted wood and decorated with wild-boar's hair and teeth. Guerrero.



Baptism of Christ by John the Baptist. These painted clay figures, recently found, are the work of some unknown Indian sculptor who rendered the evangelistic quest of the missionary orders that followed on the heels of Cortez and his soldiers. Their great monasteries and churches dot Mexico today. The posture and treatment of the two figures are simplified to the sheerest expression of the emotional theme.

St. Augustine, origin unknown; perhaps two hundred years old. Several features, especially the eyes, are treated with a technique employed in stone carvings by Aztecs and Toltecs. For the rest, European models were simplified to fit the Indian tradition.



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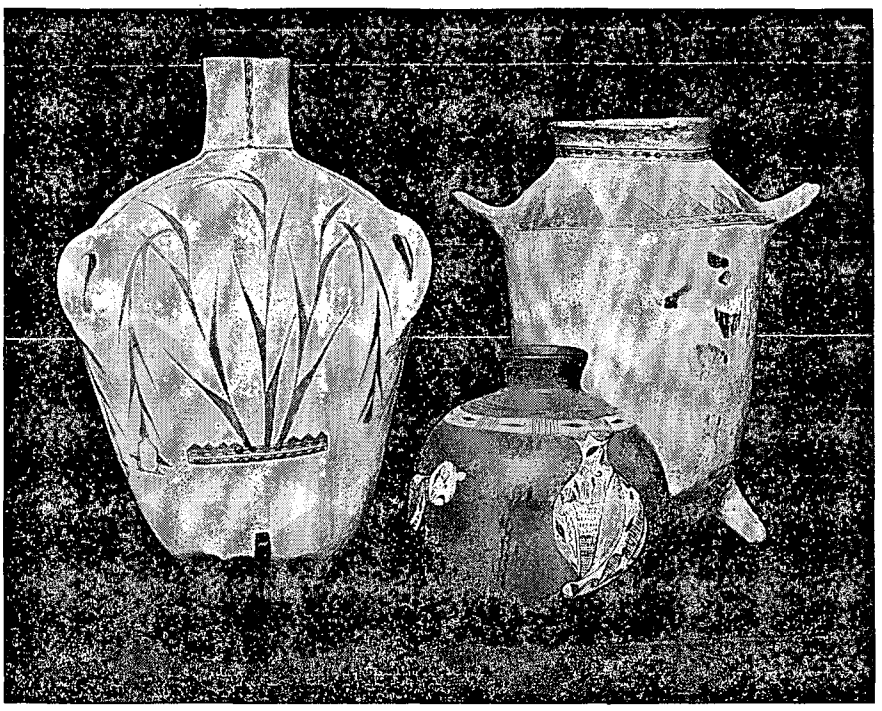

Native wares practically unknown in the capital but of Indian design and workmanship that have remained pure throughout the 300 years of the white man's history in Mexico. They have been used as always for domestic purposes in the native villages. The jars at left and right are from San Miguel, Guapa, Guerrero, fashioned without a wheel and burned at an open fire. In the center, one from Uancito, Michoacan, of burned and burnished clay. The colors used are minerals from the neighborhood. All of recent make, but ancient patterns, hardly touched by foreign influence.

Pedro Jiminez of San Peatro Tultepec was asked to make something especially for the exposition. He is a tanner by trade—an artist by gift in fashioning the straw figures which have been one of the joyous by-products of the making of rush mattings and baskets throughout the generations. He chose for reproduction, the Independence Column, the school, the cathedral and the prison. Also the statue of Charles IV on a prancing horse, a motor bus, three citizens and (who can say why?) a centaur and a ferry boat.

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Paintings (above) by Julio Castellanos (below) by Diego Rivera

Two of the collection of modern canvasses representative of the post-Revolution Renaissance. Rivera is best known in the United States for his frescos; and is now at work on two great wall spaces, one at Cuernavaca and the other in Mexico City.

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Famine and Famine Relief in China

By GROVER CLARK

THE past two years and a half have seen a famine in the great Yellow River basin in China which, in terms of area affected and loss of human life, ranks among the greatest calamities in human history. At least thirty million people have been reduced to virtually absolute poverty. At least as many people have died of starvation and its incidental diseases as died from all causes in all the fighting forces during the four years of the World War—and though rains at last have made crops possible throughout practically all of the drought area, the loss of life is by no means over because of the grave after effects of the appalling catastrophe.

It is hard, here in well-fed America, to appreciate what famine means. I have seen something of it, in the course of a six-weeks' trip into the famine area which I made last winter. Before I went on this trip I had seen much of the every-day poverty of the Chinese peasants, which seems such utter hardship to most visitors from the United States. Like many who live for a time or move about much in China, I had seen so much of beggars, tiny mud hovels, and poor and scanty food that such things almost had ceased to seem signs of human want or to call for sympathy.

Then I saw famine—against a background not of the well-fed prosperity of the United States but of normal conditions which in themselves would seem appallingly poverty-stricken to most Americans. I saw famine—and I know that until my dying day the memories will haunt me.

Try to imagine you and your neighbors over several hundred square miles, with all the grocery stores, all the bakeries, all the delicatessen shops closed because they had no food to sell, except a few where you might be able to get a handful of grain for the equivalent of a week's wages—if you still had that much money left after buying at such prices for months and still had strength left to walk to the shop. Assume that there were no trains to bring in food, no automobiles, even no carts because there were no animals to pull them—all the animals having died of starvation or been eaten long since. Assume that to get even a handful of dried grass roots you had had to spend a long day grubbing into the dust of the fields that had been without rain for months, and that now you could not get even this "food," nor leaves off the trees, because snow covered the frozen ground. Assume that with the temperature down around zero you had no clothes but a single ragged layer of thin cotton and no firewood because you already had torn down most of your house to get wood to burn or sell for a few dollars for food. Assume that you saw your children starving, some of them already dead, and that you had reached a state in which you snatched at the chance to get them food by turning them over, for a few dollars or even for nothing, to strangers who promised to treat them well. Then assume that this had been your condition and your neighbors' for six months, a year, and then another year, while one after another of your acquaintances and your family died and you saw your own turn steadily drawing nearer. It is hard here in the United States to imagine such a condition. Yet that is what millions of people in China have been going through during the present famine.

I saw a little of what this means in terms of individual men, women, and children—though I did not get into the very worst of the famine sections. There was—to cite only one of scores of specific examples—that village of eight hundred families in which over half of the families had had nothing to eat but leaves and weeds for over a year, and only six families had had any grain to eat within three months. Even the head man of the village, one of the least famine-stricken, wavered as he walked because prolonged starvation had made him so weak.

And in this village I saw the sudden savage glare in the eyes of these starving people, and heard their savage cries, when we began to distribute a little bread which we had brought. I can forget the beggars on Peiping's streets, but not even New York's elevated can drown the memory of the beast-like note in the voices of those who reached for that bread.

I saw bodies of those who had died of starvation during the night lying along the streets of an ancient city waiting to be picked up and carried to the places where such bodies were being dumped because there were too many to bury—over three thousand such in one month in a city of two hundred thousand. I saw the dumping grounds and what the dogs had left of these bodies. I saw practically all of those we passed on a 150-mile motor ride to this city of Sian, or met on its streets, looking as though they were almost ready to join those dead—and saw the even more terrible savage hardness of the few who apparently had managed to get food to keep themselves well nourished.

I have talked with men who have seen sights much worse than these—who have seen ten consecutive villages with only one old woman left alive; who have seen what was left of whole families that had committed suicide to avoid starvation; who have seen wolfish bands of what once were peaceful farmers wandering the country-side seeking what they could find to eat and eating what they found.

Photos by China International Famine Relief Committee

Famine victims working on an irrigation project in Suijuan Province

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even the bodies of human beings. Such things I have seen and learned of directly —for I have seen famine. Millions were caught in such conditions.

What caused this famine of 1928-30 in China? Chiefly drought-bred crop failures, though human causes have contributed to make the effects in some sections more serious. Over an area as large as France, Germany, Belgium and Holland combined, the spring of 1927 saw the last approximately normal crops. Famine conditions developed in the early winter of 1928. Shantung was hit hardest and first, because the spring crops in 1927 in the famine area in this province were meager. Only minor and local showers fell in most of the region—Shantung, Hopei, Honan, Chahar, Suiyuan, Shansi, Shensi, and Kansu provinces—in 1928 and on into the late spring of 1929. Except for small local areas, the 1928 and spring 1929 crops throughout this section produced from 5 to 10 per cent of the normal yield.

The first trainload of relief grain arrives at Kweihwa early in the spring of 1929

Then in the early summer of 1929 good rains came in the lower half of the Yellow River basin. Shantung, Hopei, and all except a small western bit of Honan had good autumn crops in 1929, ending the famine in about half of the affected area. Rains in Suiyuan and Chahar started crops, but most of these were killed before maturity by frosts coming early in August. Shansi had some rain and got about 25 per cent autumn crops in what had been famine regions.

Heavy snows throughout the western half of the Yellow River basin came in the winter of 1929-30, promising good conditions for the spring. But the moisture had come too late to permit more than 5 to 10 per cent of normal wheat plantings the previous autumn. So the spring crops this year were negligible, though what had been planted did well.

Rains in the spring and early summer of this year have assured fair autumn crops this month—September 1930—throughout practically the whole region. Lack of seed, lack of men and animals to work the land, and other consequences of the preceeding long-continued drought, however, made it impossible to get in normal plantings, so that the yield still will be distinctly below normal. Except in certain comparatively small sections, nevertheless, the famine itself probably can be considered over—though it is unsafe to make a definite assertion on this point until the results are learned of a careful survey now being made by responsible foreign agencies in China.

The ending of the famine as such, however, does not mean the ending of the need for relief work. Millions of people have lost their property or been completely uprooted from their homes or otherwise been thrown into a condition of virtually absolute need. Some of these can get back on their feet. A large proportion of them, including the hundreds of thousands whose vitality has been seriously reduced by prolonged starvation, will perish unless they get help from outside. The need for rehabilitation efforts is urgent.

That human causes contributed to the severity of the famine is unquestionable. The passing and repassing of armies, living off the country as they went, and the movement by the military of large quantities of grain out of the central Shensi region after the good crops of the spring of 1927, left the people with little if anything in the way of reserves to meet the emergency. But that drought rather than human destruction was the chief cause is clear from one significant fact: military disturbances have been just as bad in central and southern China as in the northwest in recent years. These regions have had regular rains—and no famine. The northwest has not had rain—and has had a famine.

RELIEF work has been carried on by many agencies, private and official. The Chinese national government and various provincial governments did a certain amount. The Chinese Red Cross, Red Swastika and similar societies, various Buddhist, Confucian, and Taoist groups, unofficial committees of Chinese formed specially for this work—all participated in raising money and doing relief work. The China International Famine Relief Commission—a joint Chinese and foreign organization—was extremely active, working chiefly with funds contributed from the United States. The Salvation Army, also using mostly American gifts, and various foreign missionary organizations likewise did their parts, in some cases working independently, in others putting men and funds at the disposal of the China International Famine Relief Commission.

Exact figures as to how much money has been put into this work cannot be secured. American gifts through the China International Famine Relief Commission so far have totaled about two million dollars. Probably other foreign gifts have come to another half million. Chinese private contributions handled through various agencies have amounted to something like seven million dollars. The national and provincial governments have put in, in cash, at least another seven million. The amounts given indirectly by the government in the form of free transportation of grain and relief supplies of all kinds on the government (*Continued on page* 58)

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Ballad of the Gold

By SARAH N. CLEGH

ST. LUCY'S PARISH, near Half Moon Full,
Was where he learned to swim.
Three miles of the bright Barbadoes sea
It took to tire him.

He was swift and clever and cool and firm;
Not tall, not mighty or broad.
A golden wisdom beyond the brain
Ran up and down his blood.

To please the venturing spirit he had,
He shipped before the mast.
In and out of the Indian isles
His sails went shifting past.

As far as Nova Scotia north,
And far in the south, sailed he;
Twice he had been a shipwrecked man
Before he was twenty-three.

But still, his golden body and soul
Not darkened by disaster,
He signed the steamship Vestris on,
To be her quartermaster.

SHE left New York on the afternoon
Of a Saturday in November,
And steered for South America
On a voyage long to remember.

She slipped that night in the trough of the sea;
And rocked in that dangerous cradle,
Her cargo loosened in her hold,
And slid with the watery ladle.

Her sliding cargo made her list,
And tipped her decks uphill.
They brought her out of the trough of the sea,
But she was listing still.

She could not come to an even keel;
And following one more night,
Her sailors pumped her cargo full,
To see if she then would right.

They pumped her cargo soaking full,
To bring her over even.

But still she listed, still she turned
One of her decks toward heaven.

And by the Wednesday morning
The wireless signals ran,
"Help for the steamship Vestris;
And hurry all you can."

By noon they manned the first lifeboat,
And lowered it down the side.
But the wind roughed up and made the waves
Bitterly hard to ride.

"All hands on deck!" the captain called.
"Let pumps and bailing go!"
And Licorish came with his sailor mates
From their perilous work below.

Around they saw the wild water,
The struggling boats so small;
And Licorish felt beneath his feet
The rending of the wall,

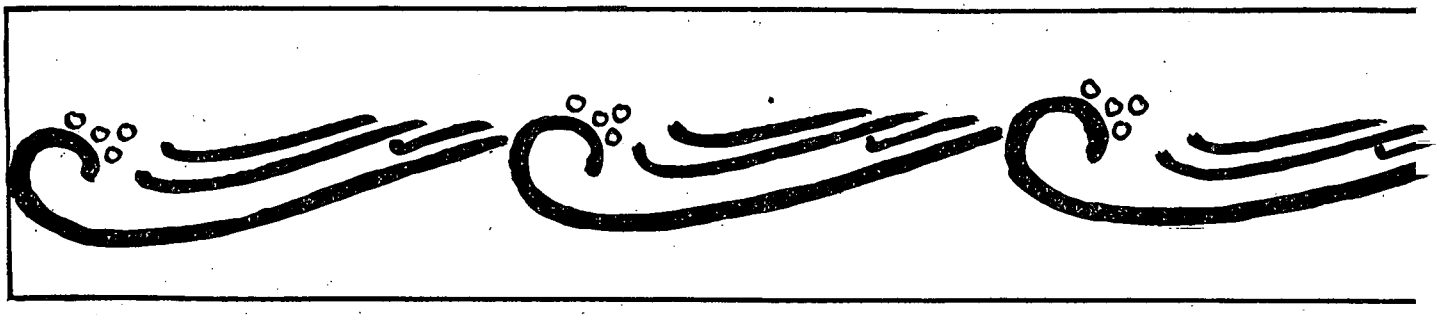
Yet carried orders and manned a boat,
And took a lost officer's post,
The vessel trembling under his feet,
And giving up the ghost.

No one was left for the next lifeboat,
(And going down fast he thought her.)
He loosened the straps of the last lifeboat
And slipped into the water,

And swimming off a little way,
Lest as the Vestris drown,
Her suckage swallow his golden strength
And hold and carry him down,

He swam, and turned, and she was gone;
No timbers left afloat;
But struggling lifeboats flogged by waves,
And the one empty boat.

His boat unleashed had floated free;
The ship had let it go;
And drifting away he saw some oars,
And gathered them in to row.



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ands of Lionel Licorish

orations by Jenes Lesesne Wells

In the wild water something rose
Like windmills glimmering round.
The fins of sharks were rising up
For the fresh meat they found;

And in the midst a human form,
A washed and gasping face.
Licorish plunging overboard
With lifting swift embrace

Hove him into the empty boat,
And seized the oars again,
To rake the ocean up and down
For other living men.

But creeping through his lifeboat's floor
Came streaming up the sea;
For he had chosen a leaky bottom
His hope and trust to be.

Well, he must bail and row and search
And steer his treacherous boat
To comb the ocean back and forth
For who still lived afloat;

The men that floated still alive;
For, sorrow like a knife!
No floating body of woman or child
Still breathed the breath of life.

But where he glimpsed and where he guessed
A living man to be,
His golden body went overboard
And raised him from the sea.

With strength that lasted, who knows how,
In drenched and weary bone,
He bailed and rowed and searched and plunged
And ransomed one by one.

From two to four, from four to eight,
And on by one and two,
The saved within the lifeboat now
To twelve, to fifteen grew.

And now they bailed the leaking boat,
Bailing in shifts of three.
The evening on the midnight fell,
And moonlight on the sea.

Black angel of the Vestris wreck,
Dark angel of the deep,
The soul of Licorish, golden bright,
Drew on the drowning through the night,
And saved them half in sleep.

For long before the morning stirred
And thinned the darkened air,
He said "I rescued sixteen men,"
And counted twice, and once again,
And there were twenty there.

NINE ships were straining at their steam
From north and south and east;
Fast hurrying while the Vestris called,
And faster when she ceased.

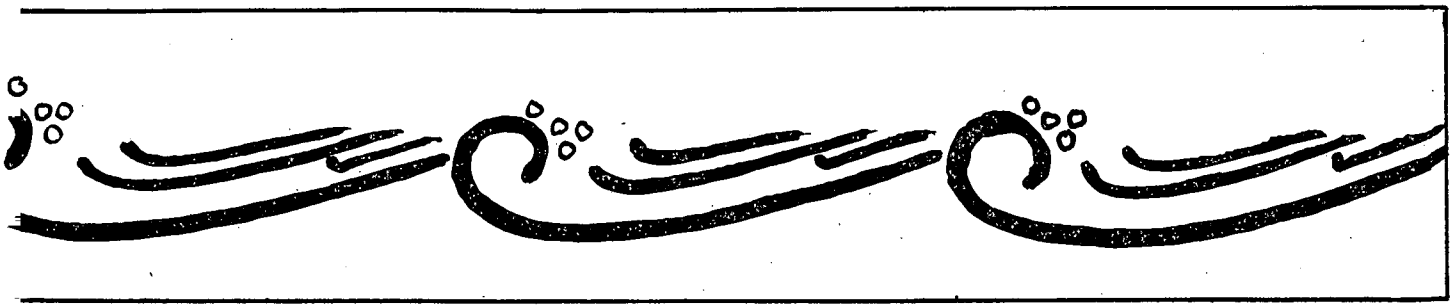
But the five lifeboats still afloat
Through all that weltering smother,
Were washed and beaten far apart;
No two were near each other.

Yet still in the cold, in the wet, in the wind,
Now in the fourteenth hour,
To keep his twenty souls alive,
Young Licorish found the power.

And when across the dark water
Came on the rescue light,
He made the Morse code signals shine
By flashlight through the night;

And still had power and still had wit
And still had nerve and skill,
To navigate those tumbling waves
As if they all lay still,

Till safe aboard the liner's deck
Was every refugee
Whom the golden hands of Licorish raised
And ransomed from the sea.



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Don't Park Here

By MARY EDNA McCHRISTIE

Drawings by Esther Andrews

"WORKING again tonight?" She tried to speak casually.

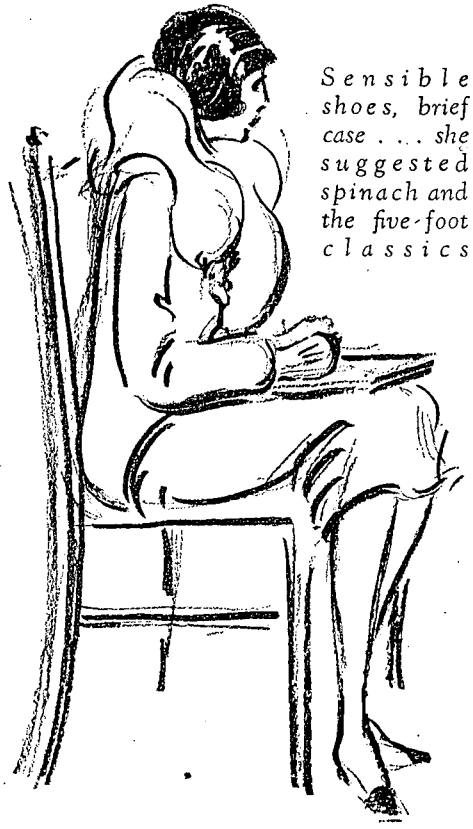
"Yes."

"Late?"

"Can't tell. Don't wait up for me." And Husband implanted an apathetic kiss somewhere between the lobe of his wife's left ear and chin, then hurried out. And on her busy cleaning day she took the time off to cry—quietly, in a lady-like manner. Each morning for weeks, Wife anxiously asked the same question. Each morning for weeks, Husband detachedly gave the same answer.

After several months of queer attitudes, automatic kisses, civil conversations, one suspicious partner hesitantly entered the Court of Domestic Relations and presented a letter of introduction from a divorced friend, one of our satisfied customers. This refined complainant of thirty-two placid years was put together very neatly. With sensible shoes on her feet, and a brief case in her hand, she suggested spinach and the Five-Foot Classics.

Apologetically, "I've never been in court before, but I must talk to someone about my husband—he is never home at night." Leaning over, her Phi Beta Kappa key striking the desk, "You realize one hesitates telling one's troubles to one's friends." The grammatical ones and the gold key, both emblematic of superior mentality, helped classify our case.



Sensible shoes, brief case . . . she suggested spinach and the five-foot classics

"We've been married five years," and seriously she discussed the pessimistic predictions of this five-year period. We tried to convince her that divorce predictors are not always so sad as they are bilious. A little calomel might help a lot.

"We were engaged two years. My husband begged me to run away and marry him when I was a senior at Wellesley, but I refused—hasty marriages seem so vulgar, besides, I didn't have my things ready."

"Things?"

"Linens, bedding, trousseau. It took me nearly a year to do my monogramming." A species almost extinct.

Then we discussed Husband's nerves, his irritability, his frequent suspicious absences. Our client described, in tiresome detail, her eight-room house, her hopeless maids, her end-of-the-day fatigue.

"What do you and your husband enjoy together?"

"Not much of anything. I don't golf—I don't dance—I read aloud sometimes, but he always falls asleep. There's really nothing—"

"How about the theater?"

"We don't go often. He always laughs so loud it embarrasses me. I enjoy the legitimate—he loves comedy." (No Amos 'n Andy for her.)

"WHAT does your husband complain about particularly?"

"Everything."

"Is he well?"

"Perfectly. At least he never misses a day's work. He hasn't been away from me a night in four years." Poor Husband!

"Does he seem to enjoy his home?"

"He should. It's perfectly kept—not a pin out of place. His dinner is always steaming hot. He becomes furious when I insist upon meat substitutes, but I know what his stomach can stand. Really, Miss, I can't understand men, the more a woman does—"

"Yes, yes, we know."

"I do everything I can to help. I even lay out fresh clothes for him each morning." The independent, manless Referee gasped. "You mean you select his ties, socks, everything?"

"Yes, indeed." Defensively, "What's so amusing?"

"Nothing." But we fabricated. How Husband must feel on a gay spring morning with his soul calling for red, and his wife answering with gray!

"Is your husband affectionate? Does he still kiss you?"

"In a way." (Well, well, she was becoming more interesting.)

"Oh, don't mind us. Kissing is the most innocent thing we discuss."

"Well, to be frank, it's been two months since he really kissed me."

"Really kissed?"

"Well—you understand what I mean." We did.

"Do you love your husband?"

"Naturally, or I wouldn't have married him."

"Do you ever pet him—make a fuss over him?"

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Explosively—"What kind of woman do you think I am?" We didn't think; we knew. A virginal type ashamed of an honest-to-God emotion.

"Is there another woman in the case?"

"No—no—no—" and each denial sounded less convincing. "At least, I don't think so. My husband wouldn't associate with a common woman."

"But a changing heart isn't always selective."

"You can't make me believe Jimmy's unfaithful. I won't believe it," and the fact that she did half-way believe it made her look old, tired, a trifle pathetic.

"Have you any children?"

"No."

"Why not?"

She blushed. "Really, I don't resent your questions, but this talk about children is so personal."

"Well, from all we can hear, having children is rather personal." No answer.

"Does your husband want children?"

"I've never discussed the subject with him." Too bad her gold key wasn't fitted to open the door to a sane emotional conception of God's original plan.

"What does your husband do?"

"Heads up a sales service—makes a good salary. In fact, he's quite successful even though he isn't a college man." Poor Edison!

"Have you ever followed your husband at night?"

Her eyes back-fired. "No. I don't intend to." The preposition at the end of the sentence showed her emotional state.

Superficially judging, we had assumed the responsibility of a couple who had endured over eighteen hundred days and nights together. You see, domestic service has its advantages, for servants are guaranteed regular days off. We had heard all about a comedy-loving man so dominated that he dared not even decide upon his own color scheme. On the other side of this house divided against itself, we had wished upon us a mental old maid whose college education and dangling key had left her cold and a trifle superior—a meticulous housekeeper who worshipped things—a virginal wife who blushed at such normal essentials as kissing, loving, and having children.

WE begged our client to allow us to summon her husband to the office. We wanted to interview him. Too, we felt a keen curiosity to see what kind of man this kind of woman preferred. Any one belonging to her should be dignified and solemn like a church usher; fastidious too, and insistent upon wearing monogrammed pajamas. We knew that never would her ideal swear, chew gum, or say "ain't."

Later in the week we made a home visit. We found our unhappy wife living in a house of glistening windows, unyielding chairs, strait-laced drapes, shrouded lamps. We were ushered into a room suggestive of tuberoses and funerals. Our client's spring house-cleaning debauch was just over, so naturally there was a "no smoking" sign on the furnace. Radiators, modestly swathed in fresh linen, sizzled no more. Waving meadow grasses, browned by the late summer's sun, jealously guarded the gas grate opening. Cramped, cold, unrelaxed we sat on the edge of a couch whose pillows knew their place.

We looked about. Even her pictures were consistent. The Acropolis, The Parthenon, Rheims Cathedral, architecturally cold and perfect. Instinctively we knew that Venus de Milo would never dare exhibit her handicap on those walls. A chair, originally designed for reading, stood aloof, and why not? A chair has depth and never once had this one been invited to make a fourth to a handy end table, a friendly lamp, and a good book. We noted only one sign of sociability—George Sand and George Eliot stood on the bookshelf side by side. Upon second thought we knew this

Newspapers on the floor, near-beer on the radio, ashes falling from a fragrant cigar

proximity was not because of their friendship, but because a red binding looks well against a green. Our hostess insisted that we inspect the whole house. We passed through each perfectly appointed room, and found not a single spot in which to live. We grew less enthusiastic over the thought of a baby in this setting—after all, babies should be allowed some kind of wet and dry abandonment.

We drank our tea and nibbled our cookies—crumbs dropped to the floor—that helped. We made a few polite remarks, and as the door closed upon us we felt an uncontrollable desire to get reckless and make whoopee. That's what social service did for us. As we turned the corner we knew our persnickety housekeeper and her reliable Hoover (no reflections upon the President) were back together on the job.

A few days later a caller appeared at our door. "Well, girls (how we did warm up to that man!), what do you want with me? What in heck's name have I done?" Showing his letter, "Maybe you've got the wrong Jimmy Clark."

"Sit down. We're happy to meet you." And this pleasant, heavy-set man, prematurely gray, found himself a chair. His clear, blue eyes carried a big supply of laughs ready for immediate delivery. As we talked sociably, Martha's choice impressed us as being the kind of man who would listen patiently to reminiscences—even Pullman anecdotes, a big-

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souled man who called old maids "girls," and old ladies "Mother"—a truly lovable sort!

When we asked about his domestic affairs the Irish twinkle died.

"What do you mean—my affairs?"

"Your wife has been to see us."

"Martha—here—at court—to complain about me?" His eyes clouded over appealingly. "Does Martha want to get rid of me?" Wonderingly he asked this question, as all males would.

The night watchman volunteered, "He ain't in—never here in the evenin'—he's over at the Metropole Hotel"

"No—not that—Martha's worried about you."

"About me? I'm all right—just a little tired!"

"Not your health—your attitude toward her—your business engagements that keep you away from home so often and so late."

We could have sworn that no other woman complicated this case.

"Well, if Martha's talked, so can I. Fed up is the word. Martha's good—bright—I'm not collegiate (he twinkled again) only went through High, then had to go to work. But lady, this is Martha's idea of living: day after day she potters about the house, then when she feels real devilish she spends hours pulling threads out of linen squares so she can put some others back in their place. I get excited when I even think of it. I feel like a bounder talking about her—she's a wonderful housekeeper.

"Yes. We visited your home."

"I love her and I hate to say this, but we don't get any joy out of life. She never laughs, never plays, is always tired. She likes symphonies, I like jazz. Don't you see how it is?" We did.

"Why not try to change some of her habits?"

"Listen, lady, I'm thirty-eight now. I won't live long enough."

"Is your house comfortable?"

"That show house? No. I can't even smoke—have to take a few puffs on the back steps like a tramp."

"But you have your own room?"

"I have, have I?" He beat the new glass desk top with his fist. We cringed—men are often destructive in their emotional moments. "My place is just like an old ladies' home with nothing around that looks masculine. And listen, Miss, (he walked about excitedly) I'm a radio fan—like to tinker and try new sets. Can I ever find a part I want? No! If I leave my stuff out she puts it away before night—even dusts my expensive tubes."

"What else—"

"If I sing in the bath-tub she gets nervous. If I lie on the couch she shakes out the pillows. If I smoke, she says it makes her head ache, and whenever I turn on the radio loud she closes the window. When I hold her to me (and here he became vehement) she looks downright insulted."

We interrupted. We had to quiet papa down.

"Any children?"

"No. I love kids, but I know her too well to even discuss such a thing. Besides, babies would clutter up the house." His embittered acceptance of his wife's limitation was most illuminating.

"Have you ever considered a separation?"

"Lord, no! Did Martha think I had? I'll always love her but I'll say this, I love her more when I'm away from her. Do you get what I mean?" We did.

"Any other woman?"

"No—never will be."

"Where do you spend your evenings?"

"Picture shows—my office—anywhere but home. I have fifty men under me—I need relaxation—haven't felt so good lately." Our man was just about ready for a nervous breakdown.

We have a plan in mind. "Have you ever considered renting a room downtown and fixing it up for yourself?"

"Gosh! What an idea! Oh boy," as the full import of our suggestion reached him. "What sport! Do you really mean it?"

"We certainly do. Will you follow our suggestions?"

"Oh, doctor, will I? But what if she finds me out?" A ten-year-old planning to sleep in a tent for the first time would probably show the same proportion of exciting adventure and fear.

"Don't worry. We'll assume responsibility." (Just like that.)

"Have you a place in mind?" And then we watched the transformation of a tired, irritable, indifferent husband into an enthusiastic, life-loving little boy. Women would have envied him his careless tossing off of years.

We sent up a prayer that our plan prove psychologically

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sound. First, establish him in his new quarters, give his wife no information regarding his absences; suggest later that she call at his office some evening and propose a show, arrange for her to find a card on the door giving his hotel and room number. Being women, we knew her curiosity would lead her on. Seeing him established so comfortably might teach her something about red-blooded men, friendly couches, rare steak sandwiches, normal urges.

AND, too, our wife didn't realize it (in fact, neither did her husband), but later on she was to become a mother. Social workers have ideas, and everybody knows there is nothing so disorganizing to a perfectly appointed household, nothing so completely absorbing to an ingrown husband and wife, nothing so absolutely soul-satisfying as a baby. So, why not?

A week or two later our man rushed into the office. "Oh, girls, my place is a wow! Come down and look it over."

We were invited into a comfortable hotel room, lighted by three windows whose curtains were pinned rakishly back. Exciting serials, patiently awaiting the end, were everywhere. A bridge lamp, indecently nude, stood back of a second-hand couch which boasted one big gentleman pillow. Prints of horses, news events, radio diagrams were pinned to the walls. Newspapers lay on the floor. Complex radio parts and smoking tobacco mingled democratically. A pair of pajamas, hybrids and colorful, hung from a side chandelier. Back of a dilapidated screen sagged an old refrigerator, rebellious over near-beer.

The next time the puzzled wife called she remarked that her husband seemed less irritable at home, but acted all the time as if he felt ashamed of something. Guiltily we asked if her husband were home more. "Less, if anything. Oh, do you think there's a woman in the case?" The old question. "I've telephoned his office at night but I never find him in." Becoming agitated, "I'm getting alarmed—there's something wrong, I tell you." As if we hadn't known this all along!

"Why don't you go down to your husband's office some evening, surprise him, say you want to take in a show, a comedy maybe." No smile.

Two days later she called in person.

"We've quarreled about our vacation. I planned a visit to my married sister's. My husband wants to go fishing with some men friends. We had words. I told him I wouldn't go without him—he said I wouldn't go with him."

"Why don't you go to your sister's and let him fish? Anyway, why do husbands and wives always insist upon spending vacations together?"

"Why, because they love each other," and the single woman enjoyed one of her big invisible winks. If educators could only interview divorce plaintiffs and defendants for a time, college curricula would surely be revolutionized.

"Listen, Mrs. Clark, why don't you do the thing that will make your husband happy?"

"Happy? What more can I do?"

Suspicion is really no respecter of persons. So that evening the wife knocked timidly on the door of her husband's office. Before she had time to read the card the night watchman volunteered, "He ain't in—never here in the evenin'. He's over at the Metropole Hotel, Room 413."

Suddenly canny, she asked, "Hasn't he a home?"

"Guess not—always loafin' around here."

"Is he married?"

"Guess not—ought to be." And not wanting to seem ungracious he asked a question: "Are you a relative?"

"Yes—far removed." And later the watchman told his wife, "That woman looked a damned sight like faintin'."

That night the telephone rang. "Hello, hello," and the voice trailed off into a sob. "This is Martha Clark. Won't you please come down here? I'm at my husband's office."

"What's happened?"

"Jimmy has a room at the Metropole Hotel—that's where he's been all these evenings. Oh, I simply can't face them alone."

"Them?"

"You don't suppose he's living there alone, do you?"

"I'll hurry down—meet you in the hotel lobby."

"After all I've done for my husband. I never look at another man," and just then the telephone girl decided we had talked long enough.

In the meantime, Martha, reckless for once, ordered a taxi. She must know the truth. When we met she clutched wildly at us, making a rush for the elevator. Never had we seen a woman so frantically anxious to make herself perfectly miserable. Never had we believed that our Martha would so nearly approach the normal as to pick up an acquaintance with two brand new emotions, jealousy and fear.

A lift to the fourth floor, a breathless searching for the number, an instinctive turning to the room where the radio was the loudest. Martha looked sick, seemed afraid to knock. When she did there was no answer. We pounded on the door.

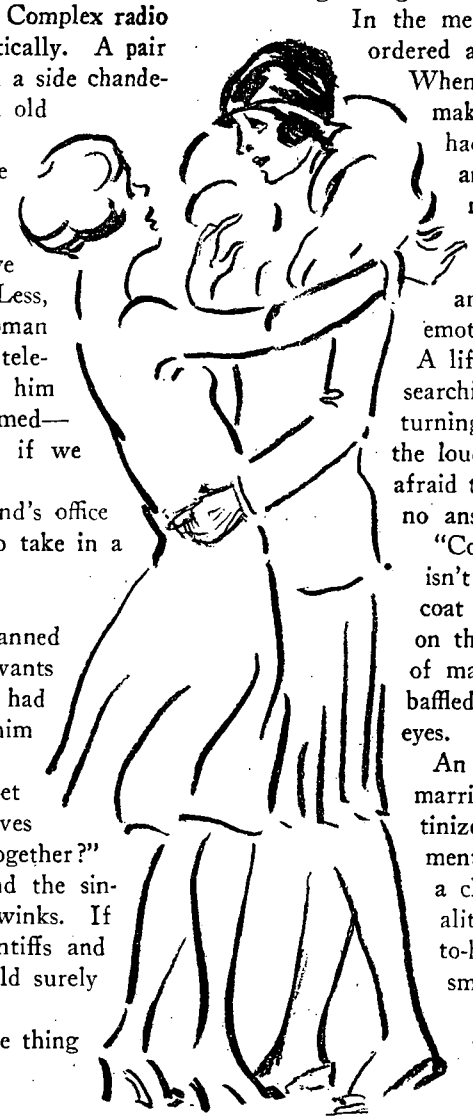
"Come in, boy. If that darned steak isn't rare, I'll—" And before us—coat off—shoes off—a bottle of near-beer on the radio table, sat Martha's dream of manhood. He turned, and the two baffled partners looked into each others eyes.

An artist, attempting to immortalize marriage-gone-wrong should have scrutinized Jimmy and Martha at that moment. Possessive love, strong as steel, a clash of wills, a conflict of personality, hot anger, latent passion, a go-to-hell defiance. Painting Mona Lisa's smile was easy!

Jimmy came to first, and jerked the newspapers from the chairs. Martha sat down, quite precipitately. She seemed stunned.

"Well," Jimmy was forced into

(*Continued on page* 49)



"I've left Jimmy—Jimmy's left me —he doesn't love me—he don't..."

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All in the Day's Work

By FRANCES SAGE BRADLEY, M.D.

QISS CAMERON had come home late the night before and Mrs. Arnold hated to call her so early. That girl certainly earned her money all right. She didn't get sleep enough to go all day at such a pace. But the doctor sounded emphatic—said he'd drive by for her at seven-fifteen. Well, anyway, she should have her toast and coffee. Yes, and some chokecherry jam. She liked the tang of that jam.

The doctor was on time. So was Miss Cameron.

"Got an extra blanket, and a pillow or so?" he called, explaining as the red-headed nurse chucked these accessories into the back of the car and hopped in beside him, "It's that Sims boy again out at Beaver Dam. His daddy sounded good and scared over the phone. Said they'd made a night of it. Got a dose of oil down the kid, and tried to keep hot cloths on his belly, but he wouldn't let 'em get within a mile of him. He's had a tender McBurney for a year or so but the whole outfit bucked like bronchos at the very word operation. Serve 'em right if we have to bring him to the hospital," swerving round a mud hole at the end of a stretch of corduroy road.

The case was past moving. Instead, the nurse commandeered and scrubbed the scalding vat where butchers were killing hogs, borrowed their aprons and boiled them with all the sheets and pitchers and basins she could find, besides a couple of pailfuls of extra water. The doctor down at the blacksmith shop heated and bent telegraph wire into retractors, sterilized safety razors, scissors, and needles from Miss Cameron's bag, and together they relieved the exhausted, anxious-faced little fellow of an all but ruptured appendix. With instructions to a steady-nerved neighbor woman, they hurried back to town.

"It isn't much out of your way, doctor. Will you drive me over to the county school? I'm Schicking our children tomorrow and I want to be sure they all have written consent of parents. Oh, I'll get home all right," laughing at the impending protest. "One of the boys will lend me his pony and I'll leave it handy for him after school. And if you don't mind," recalling her possessions in the back of the car, "you may leave the blanket and pillows at the house as you go by."

"No diphtheria in our county?" ducking behind the windshield for a light.

"Not yet, and we don't want any. But I wish you'd tell me how to get along with this new doctor over in Clark County. He doesn't realize that I can't work three counties at once. I'm compelled to take them turn about. Oh, doctor, if they were all like you I'd love my work even if it is hard!" The gruff man grunted, and tossed his cigarette through the window. "You see," she continued, "I got in bad with him first by showing that filthy Mrs. Moffett how to scrub her hands and boil the syringe and water before doing little Jessie's ear. When I reported to him and asked if he would like me to look after the case he informed me I could let his patients alone. Yet he was furious because I wouldn't take Mayor Shane's little daughter when she came down with diphtheria and leave all my Schicking and preventive work in your county and Rabun. Threatened to report me to the State Board of Health."

"Let him," grouched the brusque one. "Then he'll learn where to get off. It's bad enough for you to be taking our simple labor cases so some of us lazy dogs can get a night's rest occasionally. But as soon as you begin neglecting your public health work for bedside duty, just so soon you lose your job." He stepped on the gas as they reached a good bit of road. "I'll be on hand at next session of Quorum Court and see that our county digs up enough money for a whole nurse, not a third of one. Then Rabun and Clark counties can go hang."

Miss Cameron filed her batch of parents' consents, but instead of borrowing a boy's pony she found a horse and buggy waiting with an urgent request to come at once and see a little four-year-old back in the country. The parents said she had been dragging around for a day or so. Walked as if she were tired or lazy or "just notionate like all children are sometimes." They hadn't paid much attention. Thought she'd pick up and go to walking again when she got ready. But today seemed like she was past going. She wouldn't eat a thing, and didn't want to talk. Just laid there on the bed quiet and white and still. It wasn't natural. Vigorously the family opposed bothering with a doctor. The nurse needn't tell him. It would only mean another big bill, maybe a hospital, or operation. The nurse had cured Mrs. Mallory's baby when it was almost blind. Why couldn't she do as much for them? What was a county nurse for, anyway, they'd like to know! Only after much persuasion, after describing little crippled children, grown men and women neglected in childhood hobbling through life by means of braces, casts, crutches, did they consent to let her call the doctor.

THIS was Miss Cameron's chance to fly across the fields and persuade young Mrs. Chrisman to engage the doctor while he was in this neighborhood. She even found Chris at home. Surely after losing his first wife in childbirth he'd not take another chance on convulsions or other complications! It was high time his wife was seeing the doctor regularly.

When Miss Cameron finally got to town everybody had had dinner—everybody but the nurse. She had lost track of time until she found her office filled with women and children dropping crackers, apples, candy all over the place. Poor things. They had spent the entire morning and now the dinner hour waiting for her, and this was her regular office day. One woman's baby wasn't doing well. She couldn't fix the broth the way the doctor said. It was all watery and the baby threw the bottle as far as he could send it. Wouldn't Miss Cameron show her how to make the stuff? The next woman's child had been so spoiled during the grandmother's visit that now she had to eat the enduring day. And as for (*Continued on page* 48)

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The Committee on the Universe

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

IN each of two very rural villages well known to me, Committees on the Universe are in continuous session, passing upon weighty matters more or less mismanaged or maybe altogether overlooked by the Powers That Be, including the Almighty. They never formally adjourn, their recess is only overnight; though the personnel shifts and interweaves from hour to hour, from day to day, there is always a quorum of two at least. One of the incentives to attendance regularly and throughout the session is the fact that only by being the last to leave can one guarantee the safety of his own reputation.

"I stick around till everybody else is gone," one of such a constant group said to me the other day, "because the minute anybody leaves they begin on him. And they know more about a fellow's business than he does himself."

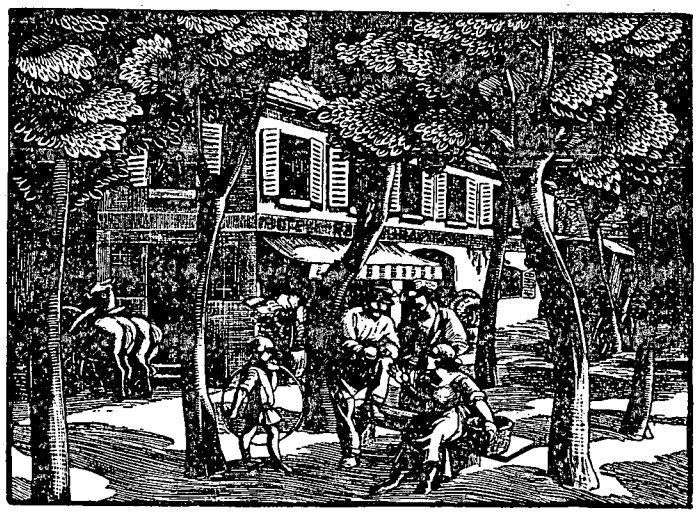
Even that doesn't save him; sometimes one who stays right there is left alone; the Committee goes elsewhere and attends to his classification. In such wise I got my own local reputation for being—well, perhaps sub-normal in respect of ready intelligence.

On that occasion I was in the barber's chair, with the committee sitting round. Someone brought the news that a fellow-member had just been mulcted by the justice of the peace for having in his possession trout of less than the legal length of six inches.

"They soaked him ten dollars for the first one and fifteen for each of the others," the informant said.

"How could they tell which was the *first* one?" I asked.

There was a long silence. Then one of them announced, vehemently and I thought somewhat irrelevantly, that he himself would be damned (which from the strictly Calvinistic point of view I judge to be quite likely), and one by one they went out, without attempting any answer to my question. I do not know it to this hour. But I have learned since that my inquiry did me a damage. They disposed of me outside, but nobody ever told me the result; I have had to infer it from the general demeanor when I venture to sit in.



NOON. *Woodcut by Barbara Gregg. From The Woodcut of Today, edited by Geoffrey Holme.*

THERE is nothing peculiar to these committees. They are universal, sitting everywhere in the world. Everybody belongs to one or more of them. One of the members of the one that I know best, surpassing all others in constancy of attendance, is a deaf-mute who makes his contributions to the discussion entirely by gesture, amazingly well understood by those who have known him all his life. As the village sage said to me:

"He doesn't have to do any 'daily dozen'; he gets enough exercise in his conversation."

The jurisdiction of these committees is all-inclusive; there is no question too abstruse or recondite or of locus too far distant, for them to tackle and dispose of. Of politics and economics—you can get a judgment about farm relief, the stock market, unemployment, the tariff, war-debts and reparations, socialism, the soviets, prohibition, the League of Nations, Mussolini, relativity, anything from Mah to Mahi, Fish to Moon, from people whose own vineyards may be all grown over with weeds, whose stone walls are scattered flat, and their cows in the neighbors' corn. Of other people's children, not one member, however notoriously unsuccessful with his own, but can pass upon the defects of bringing-up. One who cannot name his own representative in Congress or perhaps even in the County Board, will tell you "what Hoover ought to have done" about difficult matters in regions that he could not locate on a map. And as for foreign affairs—I defy you to find between the two oceans one of these groups hesitating a moment in appraising activities and relationships in and of England, Germany, Italy, Russia, India, and China. There is, to be sure, a trifle less fluency with regard to Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Iraq, and such-like; their names come less readily to the tongue, and one may not be sure whether the Kurds belong in Egypt, Thibet, or Manchuria. Generally speaking, however, at these sessions problems of the gravest moment and utmost complexity are reckoned with; with a wave of the hand and an epithet whole races are brushed away by people as well informed about their characteristics, history, problems—even their region of origin—as the average cow is about differential calculus.

Do not suppose that these committees are to be found only in country barber-shops and general stores or that their constituency is by any means always rural. You will find them in full form and regalia at the best-appointed dinner tables of what calls itself "society"; in the most exclusive clubs of either sex—anywhere that people gather, and,

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having had their inevitable fling at prohibition, turn to outlying subjects. They are really at their best when a group of "us, the more intelligent," get together. The phenomenon touches zenith when there are present persons who have passed a few weeks or months abroad, rushing from place to place and glib with names of countries, places, buildings; supposedly, therefore, well-posted about the things that the common run of folk know of only from newspaper headlines. Then you get the real "low-down."

Nor may you imagine that these committees function only in this country. A habit has grown up in some American circles of late, of attributing to Europeans as a whole a greater degree of intelligence than ours about international and other-national affairs. True, they are closer to each other over there; it is easier, cheaper and more necessary for them to go to other countries. It is a matter of business necessity for them to have a smattering of one or two languages other than their own. It may be (though I doubt it) that in proportion to the whole population there is a larger proportion of persons really well-informed about matters of international import. Nevertheless, there as here—I am inclined to think more than here—the parochial state of mind and information prevails. There is in this country no narrow, chauvinistic nationalism surpassing that right now prevailing in any other country that you may choose to name.

THE village state of mind is no national trait; it is human, and to be found everywhere among folk of only local residence and experience. I have seen these groups discussing in eight or ten different countries. I have in their languages enough of a smattering to discern usually at least the subject-matter. It was always more or less the same sort of thing as at the fire-house, or the barber-shop or the general store: quarrels past, present, and impending (all the better if a big one between nations), money, sex, other people's business and personal short-comings. On the streets of Paris, London, Glasgow, Naples, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Berne, Geneva—it would have been the same had I been able to understand in Cairo, Alexandria, Asyut; as in Peking, Tokyo, Rangoon, or Singapore, or where else you please—I have listened in on the passers-by and heard precisely what you can hear any time in New Hampshire, Illinois, California:

"He says to me. . . . I told him. . . . They have it cheaper at. . . . Her children are something awful. . . . The Germans (or French or Italians or Scotch or Slavs or whatever) are always like that. . . . In America they have pots of money—I wish I could get there; my cousin in Brooklyn says. . . ."

And so on, ad lib. In the bazaars and market places, in the clubs, any place where people talk, all over the world, they are sitting, discussing their neighbors far and near. The farther away, the queerer they are and the more grotesque is the misinformation that spreads abroad, making and infecting that intangible force known as "public opinion." This is the ready soil in which grow the roots of war, against which the only preventive and antidote is wider acquaintance, the breaking-down of barriers, of language, distance, misunderstandings ancient and new-born. This is the thing that the politicians of all stripes play with and feed upon.

LET us not make fun of it. The Committee on the Universe is democracy—ill-informed and misinformed human beings threshing out as best they can with such knowledge as they have, (or think they have), with the intelligence given them out of heredity and environment—by God, if you prefer to put it that way. Do not imagine that the "upper class" or any form of oligarchy or dictatorship averages any better. The group of "rag-chewers" in the Metropolitan Club or the Shakespeare and Browning Society is on the whole just as ignorant as that around the stove in the country store or in the Piazza Municipale. Democracy is the people, all ill-informed and inexperienced, educating themselves by free discussion, most of it absurd, and by experiment, trial and error through decades, years, centuries. In the last analysis, those least useful for it are those who think they know. The man or the class surest that he or it is fit to rule is likely to be the least fit. Yet, apart from dominance by force, their self-importance and assumption of knowledge constantly draws the following like that which participated in the conspiracy against King David. . . . "And with Absolom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem . . . and they went in their simplicity, and they knew not any thing." Nevertheless, of such must democracy be built, and "the only cure for the evils of democracy is—more democracy." Take it or leave it, it is the only way of education, whether of an individual or of a human race. The junk-heaps of history are full of those who have tried otherwise; but the people go on. After all, we are very young; "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." In the darkness before the dawn of man's real day—Sir James Jeans measures the whole life of mankind in the history of earth as like the thickness of a penny on top of the tallest obelisk, and the time since we emerged into what is called civilization as that of a postage-stamp.

THE young people are discussing—they have Committees of the Universe, quite disdainful of those of their elders. After all, it is among the young men and women that the temper of the next-coming years is forming and to be formed. No measure can be set for the influence of their interchange, flowing over the imaginary lines. It is a satisfaction to draw attention to the work of the Committees on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, of which Frank L. Polk is chairman. I have seen a report of Charles D. Hurrey, its general secretary, who has been attending student conferences in Europe. In Paris, scores of Indo-Chinese students brought to the French government at first-hand their protest against exploitive performances of Frenchmen in Indo-China; in other centers of Europe native students from Africa, India, China, and elsewhere are challenging the pretentions of the so-called white race in their own lands, bringing their appeal over the head of the "man on the spot" to the decency and fair play of mankind.

I NOTE with joy that ex-Senator Reed of Missouri has gone to Geneva, to find out what the League of Nations is all about. 'Twas high time. It were well could there be an expedition thither of the whole personnel of that most obdurate Committee on the Universe, known as the United States Senate, which knew so pitifully little of what it was talking about when it was bedevilling the relations of the United States with the whole world, in connection with the formation of the League, and even so recently as its belated consent to our entry into the World Court. What a pity it is that the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations—for whom in general I profess a high admiration—should be a man of so little first-hand acquaintance with the peoples our relations with whom he greatly dominates. What a pity it is that both of the two presidents of the United States who fixed our foreign policies during the crucial decade following the war, were without adequate acquaintance with those peoples! But so it must be, and that is one of the reasons why problems have so long life.

The conditions within any European or Asiatic country (we are too new to have it true of us) and the relations of each with every other are at the present-day stage in an everlastingly fluid, a constantly shifting ensemble, process of interplay, outcome of decades, centuries, (*Continued on page 47*)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Wonders

NUMBER, *by Tobias Dantzig. Macmillan. 260 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
HEAVEN AND EARTH, *by Oswald Thomas. Norton. 231 pp. Price $2.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE GREAT ASTRONOMERS, *by Henry Smith Williams. Simon & Schuster. 618 pp. Price $6 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE NEW WORLD OF PHYSICAL DISCOVERY, *by Floyd L. Darrow. Bobbs-Merrill. 371 p. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE STORY OF THE WEATHER, *by Eugene Van Cleef. Century. 274 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
CRUCIBLES, *by Bernard Jaffe. Simon & Schuster. 384 pp. Price $5 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN summer we rediscover Nature. She really is around all the time, but we overlook her among the winter crowds and think that Mr. Televox of The Edison Company sends us ice and light and music. This, I find, is not true. Nature has a finger in those pies. On even a small mountain I meet her, cruel in the drought, mystical in the aurora, and am overwhelmed by the opulence of my ignorance. Moderns ought to know something of the wonders of Nature, especially since rumor whispers she isn't all she once was, steady and dependable, but is cutting up didoes, making energy out of matter and running a fence around infinity, no Dame forsooth, but a mad jade who seduces hard-headed materialists into paradox and mysticism. So I dive headlong into books that crack my brain-pan—and give me new thrills. I flounder beyond my gifts and my vocabulary, lost but happy, proud now and then to touch an idea in the flux, with a vague sense of power at this unwarranted intimacy with the Incomprehensible, and vastly pleased to belong to a race that has shown such curiosity, pertinacity, and ingenuity in its circumnavigation of God. I keep wondering what it all means (the books never tell) and so fall peacefully to sleep, rocked in a cradle so deep I can just dimly see the face of One who rocks.

Such are the rewards of reading these books on Science—not to mention the mere selfish one that they define the matrix of our everyday life and the future of the human family. The reading is, in old words, not only a duty but a pleasure. The wonders live up to their ballyhoo for they combine those ancient miracles, the wonders of Nature and the wonders of the mind of Man. You will not lose any of your faith; these science chaps seem to live by faith alone, amid their intangibles and hypotheses. They have the faith, not to move mountains, but spiral nebulae. I deem it wise to maintain a sound substratum of ignorance, scorning more than a speaking acquaintance with the precession of the equinoxes or the square root of minus one, and thus keep alive both wonder and humility. But the study of this proud and intricate search for knowledge leaves us with greater humility and more wonder. Science only broadens the reaches in which faith can act. It describes everything, explains nothing. The stars maintain their exquisite silence.

You must not be ashamed of your dumbness. Don't worry if you miss part of the argument or strike chapters that remain opaque. Mere growing-pains . . . besides, there's enough left! If you are willing to bestir your brain, recall your school algebra and physics, figure a bit on the back of an envelop, and read twice sometimes, you can understand almost everything. For these modern interpreters of science have cultivated extraordinary gifts of clear and exact exposition; they know the uses of order, human interest, simple illustrations, and repetition. They shun the higher mathematics like a plague. Nevertheless, such books are not primers; they are honest and sound, and offer novel and complex ideas that may in parts only be grasped by taking pains. The pains are worth while: to grasp at the universe is not child's play. But here is irony and drama, plot and poetry in these, the great fairy-tales, the mystery stories of incomparable ingenuity where the godmothers are true like radium and the master minds real like Newton's.

The weather is always a safe opening, and we have had a lot of weather lately. So Professor Van Cleef's story of the clouds and winds and lightning is a timely overture. He shows the importance of moisture for our life, and hooks this up with larger things, for all science is interwoven; to wit, sun spots and Dr. Thomas's question: Are the planets habitable? If habitable for people, they must have the range of weather we complain of—and endure. To get you acquainted with the new magnitudes, we note that the recent estimate of the Sun's age at ten trillion years (with the Milky Way older) offers plenty of time for heavenly cataclysms to have produced many *thousands* of planetary systems like ours, at sometime capable of supporting organic life. We can at least assume residences for neighbor races. The familiar weather story is here brought down to date, with chapters on man and good climates (and the claims of rival chambers of commerce), on the weather and business, construction, labor efficiency, and home-building. The book covers many things, from lightning rods to long-range forecasting, but does not mention that a dry spell in a prosperity president's term disproves the ancient belief that God is a Republican.

WE step now into space via that imp of the radio, static. Science always begins at home, in the tea-kettle, sometimes. What weather makes static? Is it linked with solar radiation or some undeciphered electric wave from inter-stellar space? This space is luminously charted by Dr. Thomas, former chief of the popular Urania Observatory at Vienna, in lectures for plain people in easy steps, but without childishness. The scale of size is kept particularly clear; the homely illustrations really help; and our feet remain well on the ground even when our heads are in Einsteinian space. The author graciously goes slow with all the steps of his demonstration. The omission of certain steps is a prime defect in many expositors of science; they skip the to them obvious and elementary details, and precisely at these gaps lose the poor layman. The mathematicians are especially poor psychologists. Once a university teacher tried to inspire me with conic sections by drawing all the diagrams in the air. He saw so clearly, and I replied, "Yes, sir." Without condescension Dr. Thomas gives us a clear plan of what modern astronomy thinks of the universe.

The next three volumes I cannot review, but I recommend

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them with good conscience. Great Astronomers is the story of the giants who revealed the laws of heaven and earth, from the premature Eratosthenes to the visionary Sir James Jeans. It is not biographical or dramatized as was De Kruif's fascinating Microbe Hunters, but tells of the slow accretion of knowledge as observation and imagination followed the iron law of curiosity. The struggle against the Church to put the Sun at the center of our system, the revelation of the elliptical orbits of the planets, the thundering synthesis of Newton, and the triumphs of modern observers with piercing new instruments, the telescope, the spectroscope, and the camera, are all given in historical sequence that enables the reader's knowledge to grow as did the race's. The false dreams and wild guesses and unknown gaps are told as well as truths. We grow acquainted with dim international figures as Greek leads to Arabian and the Dane, Copernicus, (I thought he was Italian) paves the way for the German, Kepler. There has always been freedom of the skies.

The final division on the new Cosmogony brings us to the modern Wonderland. Here apparently we skim madness, for the concept of a circumscribed universe advanced by Lord Kelvin, and the curved space of Einstein lead to the notion of a heavens in which just a few things are multitudinously mirrored. Are the nebulae reflections of one nebula? Do we meet the images of the stars coming back from the edges of space? Are the vast star-distances, told in light-years, illusory? In this dream world space closes in on itself, restoring the concept that matter can never escape; indeed, the final view is that matter may be reborn in space in an eternal cycle of degradation and creation. The author retains a useful skepticism and sense of humor despite his august company and his vast panorama, and even considers whether astronomy has become a system of illusions in the mind of man. He tells the story of astronomy under the Church in the Dark Ages by leaving several pages of his book blank. But he rightly says that study of the stars is a "spirit-lifting, soul-clarifying experience." To meet Millikan's cosmic rays—messengers of the birth of new atoms beyond the stars—is a thrilling experience, and one clearly of importance to philosophy.

From a German Translation (1747) *of the Chemical Writings of Bernard Trevisan. Reproduced in Crucibles by Bernard Jaffe, Simon and Schuster*

The New World of Physical Discovery is the companion story of physics since Newton, with the tale of light as wave or corpuscle, then heat and the dance of the molecules, then electricity with the astounding Hertzian waves, partly harnessed in radio, and last the inconceivable radium. Again we come to the topsy-turvey world of now and relativity. All roads lead to Einstein. Physics and astronomy are married in one chapter, and there is a resumé of the influence of physical discovery on man's life. This is the most scholarly, close-woven, yet comprehensible picture of these physical powers that I have found. Master these facts and you will feel as much at home in the world as you ever can today.

Crucibles is the like story of chemistry, told in the lives of its great figures, from Trevisan who looked for gold in a dung-heap to Langmuir who opened the window on the dance of the atoms. The method is both biographical and historical with the science flowering out of the lives of brilliant personalities so that the tale is rich with human interest. It is remarkable how many of the great names are almost unknown to us, and how forever the fields of science are overlapping. It is high time we had a history of man in terms of science rather than in those of wars and dynasties, with a schema of the dates that really mark changes in human destiny, such as the invention of zero, the Copernican conception, the Newtonian laws, the discovery of radium and the doctrine of relativity. Madame Curie is at least as important as Charlemagne. Crucibles is the winner of the $7500 Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge, sponsored by the Forum Magazine and the publishers. Shall we not offer some more magnificent prize for the volume that will put all the high lights of science together in one grand survey with proper emphasis on the influence they have had on economic life, culture, and religious thought? Mr. Jaffe's book is part of the preface to such an undertaking.

For example, the unknown Hindu who gave us our Zero and so the positional system of numeration, and those later Europeans and Arabs who perfected the processes of symbolic notation into algebra, did a real day's work. They made Herr Einstein possible; they gave to science methods of analysis, computation, and comparison without which the cleverest observation in the world would not have gone far. Yet how little any of us know of the story of Number, that progress from the savage's finger-counting to the transfinite calculus, vector analysis and quaternions and such mysteries which in spite of Professor Danzig's compliment that any intelligent highschool graduate can follow him, I mention only with hazy awe. This volume tells the story as simply, I suppose, as it can be told—and a grand tale of stumbling, stuttering progress it makes. It almost proves the mathematician's boast that only through Number and Form can we understand the universe; but not quite, for number freezes life and tends to abstractions that find no counterpart in reality. The author thinks this makes little difference and that the mathematical concept of infinity is essential despite the claim of the new physics that the universe is finite: it is essential so to speak for the mathematician's peace of mind. And he proves that often the strange numbers

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reached by logic found their counterpart in some new aspect of science, as when the highly improbable square root of minus one turned out to be a measure for the revolution of a point in a Cartesian field.

Now whether that makes sense to you, or not, you will find this a fascinating book. Did you know that some peoples count by fives, probably because one hand was used up holding a spear? that our decimal (ten) base is a physiological accident and almost any other would be better? that until we had Arabic numbers and positional (column) numeration, multiplication was not only vexation, but practically impossible and confined to the erudite? that our mathematical progress was remarkably slow so that not until the Sixteenth Century were our familiar rules of arithmetic fixed? that the concept of infinity enables us to remove a part and have a whole undiminished? that the Greeks, though great geometers and logicians, were so concrete-minded that they never got the notion of zero, or nothingness? that mystical qualities were attached to numbers, the odds and evens, the primes, and the square numbers? To show you how sciences cross, people hated to admit the ellipse for the earth's orbit because the circle was the perfect form. And again, the mystic seven gained its magic from astronomers who found that earth and sun and known planets totaled that number.

The study is not all so easy for the kinds of number go on from the integers, fractions, plus and minus, into imaginary, irrational, complex, real, and beyond. But all obey the iron laws of the definition of the number concept, the central theme of the author. Most numbers have proved useful, and the rest are certainly amusing, so your study of them will be repaid. However, I was left wondering whether the invention of algebra and the growing abstractness of our number systems may not be the most profoundly important phenomena in history these last centuries. The Greeks were perhaps wiser in their concreteness: quality is more important than quantity. It is possible to live and be happy with the most rudimentary number system —as savages prove. What exactly happened to our thinking gift that enabled us to invent an apparatus abstract enough to solve problems of things not real to the common senses? I suppose the microscope, telescope, and spectroscope demanded a mathematical instrument for dealing with invisibles and intangibles, and arithmetic will not master the time-space continuum. But is it not possible that the paradox and unreality of our modern astronomy and physics, the growing materialism, the eclipse of certain arts, and even the slackening of character may be due to the misapprehension that we do measure things that cannot be measured? Number is not essence.

Nature *is* wonderful, and the mind of man even more wonderful, and sometimes they seem the same wonder. Of each it is good to seek the Truth.

LEON WHIPPLE

Until Yesterday: A Chinese Mood

By REGINO PEDROSO

(Adapted from the Spanish by Langston Hughes)

UNTIL yesterday I was polite and peaceful. . . .
Last year I drank tea from the yellow leaves of the yunnen
in fine cups of porcelain
and deciphered the sacred texts of Lao-Tse, of Meng-Tse,
and of the wisest of the wise, K'ung-fu.
Deep in the shade of the pagodas
my life ran on harmoniously and serene,
white as the lilies in the pools,
gentle as a poem by Li-tai-Pe
picturing the rise and fall
of white storks at eve
against an alabaster sky.

But I have been awakened
by the echo of foreign voices booming from the mouths of
strange machines—
metal dragons setting on fire with spittle of grape-shot—
O, horror of my brothers killed in the night—
our houses of bamboo and our ancient pagodas.
Now from the watch tower of my new consciousness
I look upon the green fields of Europe
and her magnificent cities
blossoming in iron and stone.
Before my eyes the western world is naked.

With the long pipe of the centuries in my pale hands,
I am no longer enticed by the opium of yesterday.
I march toward the progress of the people,
training my fingers on the trigger of a mauser.

Over the flame of today
impatiently I cook the drug of tomorrow.
In my great pipe of jade
I inhale deeply the new era.
A strange restlessness has taken all sleep from my eyes.
To observe more closely the far horizon
I leap up on the old wall of the past. . . .

Until yesterday I was polite and peaceful.

The People Fear Liberty

LIBERTY, by Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton. 307 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

THIS timely volume represents not only a philosophy of liberty but a philosophy of life based on the wisdom of the great philosophers and protagonists of freedom of the past. Mr. Martin is convinced that freedom is one of the major problems of civilization, has become a "moral issue," and that the "good life" can only be achieved under its stimulation.

But here we are, the spectators and victims of numerous great illiberal movements, pious and otherwise, that have arisen since the Great War to torment us and rob us of our hard-won liberties. Indeed, the stage is all set for an era of persecution that will eclipse that of the last decade. Ironically enough, our deliverance, which should come from the liberals, cometh not, for among them is chaos and "confusion of tongues." They entertain befuddled ideas of liberty and lack understanding of the impossibility of reconciling the two great liberal movements inherited from the Eighteenth Century—the Classical School, with its emphasis on "concrete rights" and freedom guaranteed by a bill of rights, and the Romantic School of Rousseau, with its belief in "freedom in general, a gift of nature to be restored to all mankind," under the motto, "let the people rule."

The author stakes his hopes on the traditions of the Classical School which contemporary liberalism "tends to renounce." He warns liberalism that with its faith in "nature rather than culture" it is supporting a "romantic utopia" and is doomed to perish unless it can "de-Rousseauize" itself. For, confesses the director of the People's Institute, the masses cannot be trusted. He appeals to history.

There is a myth that the rank and file of humanity, acting as a mass, want liberty. There is a legend that it is they who have

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achieved what liberties we have, that all that has been made for human progress has been won by great, nation-wide, spontaneous uprisings of the people. Is this legend based on fact? Historically it is not. . . . Furthermore, the masses on the whole have persistently been indifferent to their own liberty. Take the American Revolution as an example.

But, unfortunately, we have been acting on this legend—"have long pandered to the tastes and prejudices of the mob. The country is now paying the penalty. . . . Once the lover of liberty was obliged to resist the tyrant and set up in defense of freedom the rule of the people," but now that the people are sovereign they demand that the will and conduct of the individual be subject to that of the masses."

How shall we escape the impending deluge? Since the growing enemy of liberty is the rule of the people, "the lover of liberty must struggle against it and make it keep its proper place. . . . the future of freedom in America depends on whether the friends of culture can hold out against its natural enemies." Hence the "friends of culture" must combat censorship of plays and books, snoopers of all sorts, and prohibitory legislation. "Resort to legislation should be the *very last remedy* proposed for the removal of abuse."

It is to be doubted, however, whether Mr. Martin's "friends of culture" or the "civilized people" can be equated with the lovers of liberty or vice versa. The very citadels of culture in this country have exhibited too many times the same mob spirit and mass action which he himself deplores. His own mention of the Sacco-Vanzetti case ignores that fact. Those from whom we have had every reason to expect the most, have too often betrayed our freedom, while the rescue has come from unexpected cources. As for "intelligence," even expert sociologists have been known to succumb to the power of emotion in endeavoring to observe the folkways about them.

The author, primarily a psychologist, has not taken sufficient account of the economic factors underlying the struggle for freedom. Hence his interpretation of historic events is frequently one-sided. One has only to gaze upon the current American scene to recognize how fundamentally freedom is tied up with the question of the economic system. To preserve it the keepers of the keys and their underlings would crush dissension and discussion of the present order. The thoughtful will ponder these words: "Freedom of speech is, I believe, the liberty on which all other liberties depend." Mr. Martin has thus sounded the alarm in a most provocative manner.

It is needed, for the Civil Liberties Union reports that "during the first five months of 1930 there have been more cases involving rights of free speech and meeting than in any entire year since 1918."

RAY H. ABRAMS

Anatomy of the Race Question

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, *by Charles S. Johnson. Henry Holt. 538 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

WITH greater detail and scope than any previous volume has achieved, the statistical material of the life of the Negro in America has been compiled and ably classified by Professor Charles S. Johnson, former editor of Opportunity, and now head of the department of social science research of Fisk University. The book is the product of the combined resources of this newly established department and the cooperative research which was made by an interracial committee preliminary to the National Interracial Conference held in Washington, December 1929, of which Mr. Johnson was research secretary and Mary Van Kleeck, the directing genius. It is this extensive cooperation that we have to thank for the huge array of facts and information in this volume, an array that could only have resulted from such wide collaboration. It has made the book the inevitable handbook for social workers and students of the race question in America. In this respect, one feature is to be regretted, since the original publication date was somewhat delayed, that it was not further deliberately postponed so that the statistics of the 1930 census could have been included. For although many of the figures in the book represent investigations more recent than 1920, and research more scientifically accurate than the census, nevertheless it is rather a pity for so valuable and permanent a reference book to give currency to any out-of-date and inadequate figures—a situation that the second edition should and probably will correct.

But though indispensable, the book can fairly be characterized as a compendious anatomy of the race question. Its thoroughgoing and painstaking detail vouch for that. But what many expected, and what we all need on the American race question, is less statistics and more critical analysis and interpretation. It is the social physiology of the situation which is now needed, and where possible what little constructive social hygiene is to be deduced from the processes of race reaction and adjustment. Since the Negro problem has entered the constructive stage—and few doubt now that it has, critical as well as reportorial skill must be developed. The able editor of this volume can no doubt furnish such interpretation skillfully, and has possibly omitted to do so here in order not to prejudice the scientific objectivity of the book as a fact-finding endeavor. However, it should lead to the ultimate desired either at Dr. Johnson's hand or some other. By furnishing in exhaustive detail the factual information, two objects have been accomplished; the facts have been assembled, and the ground has been cleared for interpretation.

ALAIN LOCKE
Howard University

Inheritors of the Earth

TOWARDS MORAL BANKRUPTCY, *by Paul Bureau. Richard R. Smith. 562 pp. Price 16 shillings postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE WORLD'S POPULATION PROBLEMS AND A WHITE AUSTRALIA, *by H. L. Wilkinson. London: P. S. King & Son. 356 pp. Price 18 shillings postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

NOTHING better exemplifies both the complexity and the intense personal and social urgency of the population problem than the facility with which each writer on the subject is able to find significant facts and cogent arguments to support whatever conclusions harmonize with his individual situation and attitude; and the ease with which the same data can be made to yield diametrically opposite conclusions.

Mr. Bureau writes as a Roman Catholic Frenchman. Accordingly (I do not say "therefore"), he discovers impressive grounds for the justification of conventional Christian morality and large families, and for the condemnation of all the practices commonly comprehended in the terms "birth control" and "abortion." Mr. Wilkinson, as an Australian, presents an uncommonly optimistic view of the situation of the supposedly over-crowded countries of the world and a rosy forecast of their possibilities in the way of supporting larger populations, along with a lucid exposition of the futility of attempting to correct overpopulation and underpopulation by means of international migration. Finally, he adds an ardent defense of the "white Australia" policy.

Both authors are well-read and competent, and both accept the basic soundness of the Malthusian theory—Mr. Bureau to a surprising extent. He starts with an exceedingly gloomy and depressing picture of the state of French sex morality and sex philosophy, which he contrasts with the familiar tenets of traditional Catholic Christianity. He then sets forth his conception of the duty of a good Frenchman, which includes pre-marital chastity for both sexes, the duty of marriage, marital loyalty, and the rigid avoidance of all "precautions." He recognizes the impossibility of an unchecked natural increase of the human species, and the necessity of some form of family limitation. But the only means to this end which he can tolerate is marital continence. He ends on an optimistic note, in the faith that

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mankind can be induced to return to the observance of conventional Christian morality, though he fails to tell us just how. A pronounced tone of emotional religiosity and nationalism runs through the book. The outstanding defect in view of the basic position that he gives to conjugal abstinence, is his failure to present an impartial and comprehensive examination of the medical and psychiatric consequences of this expedient, as an offset to the alleged evils of contraception.

Mr. Wilkinson's book is admirably supplied with maps, charts, and statistical tables, which are of wide and permanent value whether or not one accepts all the conclusions. In view of the general tendency to take for granted the accuracy of such documents, one can not help wishing that the author had furnished his authority or sources, especially when one notes such peculiarities as the use of "Ayan" as a racial designation on a map. Mr. Wilkinson's whole argument would be greatly strengthened if he supplied a precise and consistent interpretation of the terms underpopulation, overpopulation, and optimum population which he uses so frequently, and the latter of which, particularly, he does not seem fully to comprehend. His seeming unfamiliarity, also, with the American literature on immigration leads him into some grotesque blunders as when (page 165) he says that Chinese immigration to the United States, as well as Japanese, was "regulated by a series of 'gentlemen's agreements.'" On the whole, however, this book is a valuable contribution, and most of its conclusions are in harmony with the best scientific opinion. The central theme is that Australia is under no ethical or political obligation to offer a refuge to the surplus peoples of other lands, but that its highest duty to itself and the world is to preserve its territory for the white race, provided it can maintain a reasonable increase in population.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

New York University

Sophomore for Life

ROOSEVELT, *The Story of a Friendship, by Owen Wister. Macmillan 372 pages. Price $4 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN the college this reviewer knew best, freshmen were armed against their ignorant state with "blue books" of information and advice about campus life. At the top of each page was a Great Thought. And the one that appeared oftenest was, "Remember You Represent Barnard on Every Occasion." As I read Owen Wister's account of his forty-year acquaintance with Theodore Roosevelt, that soppy undergraduate slogan kept drifting across the pages. For this is a book about two Harvard boys who never grew up, and all the undergraduate solemnities and poses, all "the things no man can do," all the collegiate snobberies, the callow loyalties and prejudices are here. As the controversies that eddied about Roosevelt during his political lifetime die down, those who knew and admired him have pointed with growing respect to his forthright leadership. During the administrations of our post-war presidents, it has been increasingly felt that in a democracy, leadership that makes mistakes is far less harmful than no leadership at all! But one gets no glimpse of a political leader of courage and directness in Owen Wister's book. Indeed, such breathless hero worship makes impossible any clear picture at all. In his Epilogue: To Edith Carow Roosevelt, Mr. Wister writes:

> Always in the days when he was here and the world at so high a pitch that each morning's news, whether of ourselves or of other nations, touched the limit of significance, my first thought would be, What will he say about this?. . . . More than once while these pages beneath which *finis* is now to stand were being written, this old question flashed within me. I shall not try to guess what he would say of them. But you? Should you find this portrait of him worthy a place upon the walls of your memory, I shall count that enough.

But if one keeps steadily in mind the fact that Harvard and family associations were, after all, only a part of Roosevelt's life, whatever they may be to Owen Wister, then this record throws light on the man himself and on the crowded decades of his public service. Particularly do Mr. Wister's war chapters need to be swung into perspective. Most Americans have recovered from their war madness during the years since Versailles. Roosevelt died in June 1919. Either Mr. Wister has read, heard, accepted nothing new since that time, or he has been amazingly successful in turning back the clock. For here, set down in swinging prose, are the hates and fears, the jealousies and fabrications with which we went to war. It is an appalling record—but it is not one we can afford to forget.

BEULAH AMIDON

Singing Hoboes

THE HOBO'S HORNBOOK, *by George Milburn. Ives Washburn. 295 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

BACK DOOR GUEST, *by Lennox Kerr. Decorations by C. Reir. Bobbs Merrill. 275 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE Hornbook is a collection of hobo songs and narrative poems; hence the term "hornbook" has acquired a new meaning. As a book of hobo verse it is the best that has yet appeared. All the old standbys are included. He has a number of hobo convention ballads, perhaps versions of one another, and a number of hobo versions of Down in the Lehigh Valley. We find here such old-timers as The Big Rock Candy Mountains, The Wabash Cannonball, The Dying Hobo (two of them), The Hobo Mandalay, and a list of a hundred or more titles. If you like hobo poetry this is as good as you can get. There are a number of tailpieces in the book, by William Siegel. Music is furnished for sixteen of the songs, which adds greatly to the value of the book as most collections of hobo ballads are printed without music.

Back Door Guest is the story of a Scotchman's visit to a number of these United States by the box-car route. As a commentary on one phase of American life it ought to be a good seller on the British Isles. The author is a man-about-the-world, by occupation a sailor. He works in hotels, he works for a bootlegger, he begs at back doors and thus goes around seeing the seamy side of life over here. He really has a story to tell but he spoils it by reminding the reader on every other page that he is trying to be a professional writer; indeed, he is aiming to be a great writer!

NELS ANDERSON

Seth Low Junior College

Why Denominations?

THE SOCIAL SOURCES OF DENOMINATIONALISM, *by H. Richard Niebuhr. Henry Holt. 304 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE chief stumbling block in the path of Christian Unity is the inherited mass of tradition and sentiment and legend—commonly called history—which lies back of all the denominations. Each hesitates, to a greater or less degree, to think and act union for fear of losing some of its sacred heritage. Obviously, therefore, somebody ought to tell us just what this heritage is, and how we got this way.

Exactly this service is rendered here by Doctor Niebuhr. And his main thesis ought to be written out and prominently posted in every interdenominational meeting of every sort. It is this: the causes of division in the Body of Christ have seldom been theological; they have generally been social. Most of our denominations can trace their genesis not to a holy faith that was incompatible with another holy faith, but rather to an unholy racial or sectional or economic antagonism that was compelled to justify its existence (*Continued on page* 46)

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CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL MOVEMENTS

By

JEROME DAVIS, PH.D.

A GENUINELY interesting and illuminating survey of contemporary social movements. It presents an introductory sociological background, discusses utopias, and then examines the history, leadership, theory, criticism, and significance for the United States of such movements as Socialism, Fascism, Communism, the British Labor Movement, and the Co-operative Movement. This is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the present-day trends of society. It is the most recent addition to *The Century Social Science Series,* of which Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., is the general editor.

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(*Continued from page* 45)

by appeal to theology. Almost any church anywhere will serve to prove the thesis; the membership of that church will include people who are farther apart theologically than are the major denominations in their official statements. Our economic and social and national differences are disappearing. No one church any longer represents one single social or economic or national group; and the chief excuse for the existence of the denominations has accordingly vanished. It ought to be cause for rejoicing that we are held apart now, not by vital differences in faith but by the dead hand of inherited sentiment.

Brethren, read this book to see the hole of the pit from which you were digged. CHARLES STAFFORD BROWN

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Science in Industry

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY, *edited by H. S. Person. Harper & Brothers. xix plus* 479 *pages. Price* $6.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

A "COMPREHENSIVE treatise on scientific management" is not easy to attain in five hundred pages by a score of authors. The chapters by Dr. Person do present an underlying philosophy to which, in principle, exception cannot be taken. Whether all modern management flows from the Taylor glacier or is part of the quantitative approach to all modern business and life in general, is a futile dispute. The management movement would benefit by a conscious fluxing of points of view.

Dr. Person's summary of scientific management in research, standards, control and cooperation fairly states the whole philosophy, escaping the charge that "scientific management" is a system. It is a point of view progressively being applied to business in all its departments. Not even functional organization as Taylor and his immediate followers understood it seems fundamental. There are those who believe that functionalization may have gone too far, interfering with locateable responsibility and with the development of a class of all round executives. The difficulty lies in failures to combine with functionalization assignment of responsibilities and establishment of relationships in spirit as well as form.

Most of the other chapters have to do with application of research, the adoption and maintenance of standards, and the control of operations as applied to general administration, merchandising and selling, clerical operations, production, and personnel—but not finance unless it is included in general administration.

But aside from Dr. Person's effective general divisions, the really stimulating chapter of the book is Robert Bruére's treatment of industrial relations. At points his explanations of some of the Taylor statements to which labor objected might seem to approach an apologia. Mr. Bruére extracts Taylor from his much quoted extreme positions—satisfactorily enough even for unfriendly critics. Taylor did direct attention away from the division of surplus toward the increase of surplus. But "his books were written twenty-five to thirty-five years ago" (p. 460). "The driving force of his life was the conviction that all men could be freed from brutalizing poverty" (461). The influence of Valentine and Wolf on the human aspect of the scientific management movement (pp. 462-3) introduces the discussion of the degree to which the consent of the worker, unorganized or organized, has become part and parcel of modern management. It is easy to point out Taylor's limitations today. The fact is that "the techniques which he was the first systematically to apply (to the production process) have had a profound influence in shaping the energies of management and workers alike into channels of orderly, creative activity." W. J. DONALD

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American Trade with the U. S. S. R.

SOVIET ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT AND AMERICAN BUSINESS, *by Saul G. Bron. Liveright. 147 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE appearance of this compact little book, loaded with statistical information in the Russian manner of today, celebrates the rather amazing alliance between American large-scale business and Soviet Russia. The great names of Ford, Du Pont, General Electric and the Radio Corporation of America are among those included in the contributions from the United States to the reorganization of the economic life of Russia. In spite of all the obstacles thrown across the path of trade between the two countries, obstacles such as the embargo on Russian gold, the absence of consular officials, and the fact that Soviet trading organizations have no standing in American courts, American manufacturers were selling goods in the Russian market to the tune of something over a hundred million dollars in 1929. The Soviet Union, on its side, is not only selling goods here but has succeeded in getting American technical assistance and American credit for its purchases of industrial and agricultural machinery.

It is not difficult to discern the underlying purpose of the book, to convince the reader that golden opportunities may be seized by American business if only the United States will permit normal trade relations by recognition of the Soviet government, and if American capital is made available for the further acceleration of the Russian program for industrialization. The author was formerly chairman of the board of directors of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, the Soviet organization in New York through which most of the foreign trade with the United States is conducted, and has had a responsible share in developing the American trade which is described in detail. The special purpose of the manual makes it no less valuable for the student and for any other thoughtful observer of the great experiment in controlled production, the famous Five-Year Plan, which is now taking place in the Soviet Union. The history of the famous Five-Year Plan, according to which the country is to obtain in 1933 predetermined levels in industry and agriculture, is clearly set forth by Mr. Bron. Even the population of the U. S. S. R. has its "control figure" and must be increased by a fixed percentage. The account exceeds in interest earlier descriptions of the Plan. The author is able to present, now that the first of the five years is over, not merely a paper program but actual accomplishments. Where there is partial failure, as in agriculture, it is reported as frankly as the successes. On the whole the results are so much better than was thought possible that already it is suggested that the Five-Year Plan is to be accomplished in four years. AMY HEWES

Mount Holyoke College

THE COMMITTEE ON THE UNIVERSE

(*Continued from page* 40)

millennia of history, some realization and understanding of which are indispensable to intelligence. The intricacy of it is bewildering. Yet there is irresistible temptation to pontificate. . . . and we all yield to it—as I am yielding now. Not long ago I was invited by one of our most progressive editors to participate with upward of one thousand other persons in a symposium upon German "war-guilt," cancellation of war-debts, and whether the United States ought to have entered the war. To which I replied in part as follows:

Attribution to Germany of "exclusive guilt" for the war is and always was silly, hypocritical, and outrageous; but to distribute the "guilt" relatively among the participants is, aside from its futility, a task beyond human intelligence—certainly as regards the present generation. The question of the cancellation of the war-debts is one of the most difficult and abstruse of economic problems, concerning which the

(*Continued on page* 48)

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(*Continued from page* 47) opinion of the average person, including nine out of ten of the persons whom you asked, and particularly including myself, is not worth the paper required to print it. As for the timeliness or expediency of our participation in the war—discussion of it now seems to me as academic and futile as that about the Johnstown flood, or whether San Francisco would have been better off now had the earthquake been postponed, or omitted altogether. The fact is that we did go in, and are bogged now in the consequences; but nobody alive knows what difference it would have made if we hadn't.

Nevertheless we continue to "chew the rag" about these things, disclosing to those who do know, our abysmal ignorance; sometimes discovering it ourselves!

The other day an American woman, conducted through the building of the League of Nations at Geneva, and thrilled by the story of its activities, was vastly impressed.

"This is great! I must go home and tell people about it. Maybe I can bring about the establishment of a League of Nations of our own."

Some Committee on the Universe probably is hearing about it now. Just such people, with even less information, constitute these committees, sagely disposing of the weighty issues of the world.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

(*Continued from page* 38)

going to sleep, mother'd like to see anybody make her do it. She'd go to bed when the family went and not before. What was one to do with a child like that? Mrs. Jameson admitted that the last baby wasn't paid for yet but actually there was no sleep for the family for Jane's snoring. If the doctor would let her sew out the bill for his wife she and her husband had about decided to have the child's tonsils out. Would Miss Cameron find out what day to bring her? The doctor was just leaving his office when Mrs. Thompson arrived, and he sent her to the nurse to have her thumb dressed. Yes, the felon was better but she was about worn out with it. Walked the floor for four nights. And just as Miss Cameron was brushing up the last crumb, wiping greasy, sticky finger marks from chairs, models, and everything within reach, hoping to slip out for a glass of milk, who should drive up but Mrs. Gerald Percival Swarthmore in her shiny limousine.

"Do you know, Miss Cameron, we've been looking up the past of that Mrs. Sheldon you told us about. It seems to have been a very worthy family, in fact quite decent people. The husband was doubtless a poor manager. Then with ill health and everything. It's all very unfortunate. As Chairman of the Nursing Committee I've concluded that the most practical help for these people is to reduce the number of mouths to feed. The baby seems a happy, healthy little fellow, indeed quite winsome, and," with an abashed smile, "sometimes I really want a baby. Will you explain to the mother that we will relieve her of this child with the understanding, of course, that we are not adopting the family. The little boy must never know that we are not his real parents. My husband will attend to having the proper papers drawn." The important lady found herself gazing into stormy eyes.

Ordinarily Miss Cameron was a young woman of poise. But she was tired, hungry—and that red head of hers! Also she knew a thing or two about Mrs. Gerald Percival Swarthmore, and all but told her that for a couple really wanting a baby a good thing to do was to get busy and have one. But she thought better of it and, at the dictates of discretion, explained that Mr. Babcock, the banker, an old friend of Mr. Sheldon's, had offered the widow the use of a cottage out on Waterbury Road. The place was already pretty well equipped for poultry, and now that the Mother's Pension Bill had reached the appropriation committee of the legislature, it would surely be settled this session. Within a few months Mrs. Sheldon would be in a position to take care of her own family, and meanwhile she was receiving the necessary assistance. Under no circumstances would she give up one of her children. Silently, each busy with her own thoughts, the two women left the office.

The Chairman of the Nursing Committee stepped into her limousine. The county nurse climbed into her shabby Ford and

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gave the unoffending wheel a vicious tug. Adopt that plucky woman's baby indeed! Mrs. Sheldon had more pep and ambition and ability than a limousineful of Swarthmores and their sporty crowd, she sputtered to her friendly coupe. The engine gave an indignant snort, a responsive throb, and settled down to a sympathic purr. Before she went home, said Miss Cameron, relenting, (Mrs. Arnold would keep her supper hot), she'd just run out to Strong's. She'd be busy at school tomorrow with all that Schicking, and she wanted to be sure it was no dream about the good home awaiting Ted. The kid couldn't remember ever having a home or folks of his own. What a scurvy trick to leave a little five-year-old at an institution for the feebleminded when he was bright as any youngster! The only charge against him in all these years had been an occasional effort to escape and get a job. Call that feebleminded? And here were the Strongs grieving for their own young son crushed in an automobile accident. Of course they were glad to have Ted. Who wouldn't be? And Ted—well, imagine a father, mother, home, even a room to yourself, like fellows out in the world. Miss Cameron would just slip out for a moment and be sure there were pictures on the wall, gay posters and things, and some good books, young folks' books, handy. Perhaps she'd better ask about Ted's chores out of school hours, and about the boys who lived in the neighborhood.

Miss Cameron drove home beaming, quite recompensed for the Swarthmore episode. Mrs. Arnold brought in a steaming plate of rabbit pie with sweet pickled citron, the nurse's favorite grape fruit salad, and a thick cup of fragrant coffee. There had been a message from the doctor out at Beaver Dam asking Miss Cameron to see Fred Chester's wife through her trouble if he failed to get back in time. Shoulders sagged for a moment. "But," added the outraged woman, "just when I was trying my best to forget the message, came another saying everything was fine out at the Dam, and the doctor was on his way to Fred's."

DON'T PARK HERE

(*Continued from page* 37)

a bluffed aggressiveness, but Martha didn't let him finish.

"What are you doing here, Jimmy Clark? Tell me this minute," and her voice broke.

"Living for a few hours a day; I'm happy here."

"You prefer this dirty room to your own immaculate house?"

"Yes. Now listen, Martha. We might as well have this out. These things are mine," looking about appraisingly. "I can sit where I please, read what I like, smoke into the curtains, eat rare steak sandwiches, and don't forget how you made me change my shoes in the garage every time it rained."

"And I—slaving day after day to keep your house clean! I've been a fool." She started to go.

"Sit down. I've got more to say. Every season I have to pay five bucks for a new hat because you won't have my old ones around the house." Turning to us, "You know a man has a real affection for an old hat. Of course, you women wouldn't understand that—you never carry any over." Martha actually looked murderous.

"And what about my fishin' shoes? The ones I had half soled? I set them on the back porch and you gave them away to a tramp." A last season's hat and a pair of made-over shoes. Tragedies have resulted from less.

"How did I know you wanted those shoes saved?"

"You didn't care—they just happened to be out of place, that's all. Do you realize that I haven't a spot in that house I can call my own? What can I do there? In God's name, why should I stay there?" Appealing to us, "You know lots of men get their pleasures running 'round after other women. Life's damned queer! All I ask is a place where I can rest—be myself," his voice rose excitedly, "and ladies, I'll never get my wish this side of the cemetery."

Martha suddenly made a dash for the closet, the bathroom. "You know you're not living here alone!" Jimmy grabbed her arm and conducted her over the premises. No real estate agent was ever more assiduous. He made her stoop and look under the bed, he yanked out the dresser drawers, he opened the refrigerator door. "Now are you satisfied? There's no other woman, and you know (*Continued on page* 50)

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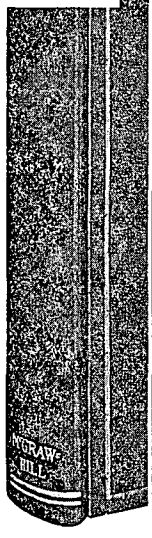
Population Problems

By WARREN S. THOMPSON

Director of Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems, Miami University



THE detailed study of the relationship between man's numbers, distribution over the earth and human welfare is the theme of this book. It considers both early and present day theories and the author advances his own viewpoints and conclusions with the aid of numerous charts, tables, etc.

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VII—The Differential Birth Rate
VIII—Factors in the Decline of the Birth Rate
IX—The Death Rate
X—The Negro in the United States
XI—Famine and Disease as Factors in Population Growth
XII—National Increase and Its Probable Future Trend
XIII—The Future Growth of Population in the United States
XIV—Population Growth and Agriculture
XV—Industry and Commerce as Bases for the Support of Population
XVI—Factors in the Growth of the Modern City
XVII—The City: Economic Advantages and Disadvantages
XVIII—The City: Social and Cultural Advantages and Disadvantages
XIX—The Future of the Large City
XX—The Problem of Quality
XXI—Natural Selection in the Processes of Population Growth
XXII—The Differential Birth Rate and International Politics
XXIII—Migration
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Index To Advertisers
October, 1930

EDUCATIONAL

Columbia University Home Study Courses ..... Second Cover
Free Synagogue Social Service Dept. 58
New York School of Social Work 59
Pennsylvania School of Social and Health Work 59
Simmons College 59
Smith College 59
University of Chicago Home Study Courses 59

Schools for Boys

Chateau de Bures—Paris, France 58
Raymond Riordon School 58

DIRECTORIES

Social Agencies 60-1
Progressive Organizations 64

PUBLISHERS

Association Press 46
Century Company 46
P. F. Collier Company 3
Columbia University Press 2
Covici, Friede, Publishers 4
Mary Ware Dennett 48
Encyclopaedia Britannica 1
Literary Guild of America ..... Back Cover
McGraw Hill Book Company 49
Macmillan Company 51
G. & C. Merriam Company 51
Public Health Nurse 48
University of Chicago Press 47

GENERAL

Authors Research Bureau 48
Cleanliness Institute 56-7
Discussion Guild 48
Fels Naptha Soap 53
Lewis & Conger 53
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company ..... Third Cover

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Chalfonte Haddon Hall 55
Hacienda De Los Cerros 53
Hotels Statler 54
Western View Farm 53

CLASSIFIED

Situations Wanted 62
Workers Wanted 62
Employment Agencies
Collegiate Service, Inc. 62
Executive Service Corporation 62
Willis Hawley Exchange 62
Gertrude R. Stein,, Inc. 62
Joint Vocational Service, Inc. 63
Printing, Multigraphing, Typewriting, etc.
Hooven Actual Typed Letter Co. 63
Quick Service Letter Company 63
Webster Letter Addressing & Mailing Company 63
Houses and Apts. 63
Country Board 63
Farm For Sale 63
Pamphlets & Periodicals 63

(*Continued from page* 49) it—never was—never will be. I'd be better off if I could find a broad to laugh and talk with."

"Don't say another word. I'm going." He jumped up and went over to her.

"Martha, listen to me. I do love you. I always have loved you. But that house got me. I couldn't breathe—I felt smothered—"

"You don't love me or you wouldn't have deceived me. Your attitude is insulting. I'll never live with you again."

"Martha—you mean—you'll get a divorce?" Jimmy slumped down in his chair. After all, one can't be guaranteed an even blood pressure all the time.

Martha approached the door. "How can we be happy if this is what you like? I'm through. I'll see a lawyer tomorrow." As an afterthought (women are so curious about detail), "Who gave you this idea anyway?" Discreet no longer, Jimmy turned toward us. "They did. They thought it might bring you to your senses."

Glaring furiously, "You mean you engineered this scheme? You told him to take this room? You knew all the time where he was?"

Meekly we answered, patiently we explained, technically we advanced and retreated, but—nothing doing.

Contemptuously, "Naturally, you two maiden ladies, with no husbands of your own, would know just how to manage mine. Too bad you've never married. (Martha was becoming primitive.) You social workers with your technique and your psychology! You single-standard bearers—you—you—(words failed)—you make me ill." Had Martha said sick we would have felt encouraged.

Jimmy interrupted, for this was his fight. "Martha, I do love you—let's try it again—let the house go—give me some attention—you act so cold and indifferent at times."

"It's not a woman's place to make advances."

"My God, can you beat it?" Nobody answered. Looking Martha squarely in the eye, "Why don't you try being a woman and not a machine? Why don't we have children like other people?"

"Jimmy Clark—to talk about such things before these women! I tell you I'm through—I hate you—you're common—common, that's all!" and crying hysterically, Martha rushed from the room. We followed. For the first time in her well-ordered existence she deliberately slammed the door. Then, womanlike, she felt so weak that she slipped to the floor in regular movie fashion. As we stepped back to speak to Jimmy, our advocate of personal liberty shut off the radio, then, in this suddenly quiet room groped for a chair and sat down. Naturally hotels become blasé, but this Room 413 had never seen a big man who could get outside a steak sandwich every night cry so hard—"I've hurt her terribly—she's left me—I know she'll divorce me!" And as we slipped out, we heard him say, "Damn those old maids anyway!" And the O.M.'s at that moment were wondering how soon they could close up their cases and get a job doing house-to-house canvassing for non-run rayon underwear.

After our memorable night out Martha refused to answer our letters, and Jimmy was never in when we telephoned. And later when our court index carried the notice of Martha, Plaintiff vs. James Clark, Defendant, we had our dark moment. A versatile lawyer had done his imaginative best, and advised Martha to leave town to visit her sister during the abatement of hostilities. When she arrived Helen Joy held her tight (our letter had told her everything) and Martha was incoherent. "I've left Jimmy—Jimmy's left me—he left first—he's in a hotel room—he doesn't love me—he don't—" This confusion of don'ts and doesn'ts sounded very serious.

Helen Joy so vividly remembered the rigid restrictions of her sister's home that when her own wedding ring first touched her modest little diamond, she made one vow, "Jack, I'll try to make you happy," and this was the easiest thing she did.

Then there followed in their home days of unbelievable relaxation. Jack ate meat whenever he pleased, lunched at night, never matched tie and socks, smoked where he pleased, left papers on the floor. In this house, books rested everywhere, flowers lived as long as they possibly could; sofas were piled high with soft pillows carrying friendly dents; the radio went on and on forever; chairs were big enough for two; Jack and Helen Joy were still young enough to welcome urges.

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Martha adored Sally Lou, who was rounding out her first year's experience. And someway this entity of Jack, Helen Joy, and Sally Lou made her feel centuries old and tragically lonely. She felt as if she must hurry home and then she knew that never again would she have to hurry anywhere. Feverishly she waited for a letter, but none came. During her wakeful nights the word "common" spelled itself before her eyes like a movie announcement—common—c-o-m-m-o-n—That to Jimmy! It's true, he was careless, but there never had been any other woman; some wives had to stand for that, too. She wondered if the tulips were up.

And Jimmy, the husband, fed up on comfort, wearing buttonless clothes, aching to work on his flower beds, was so angry at Martha that he never wanted to think of her again, and then, quite inconsistently, thought of nothing else. And his indigestion! Maybe he had better lay off meat—eat eggs and drink milk instead. He felt sluggish, too; Martha was a great believer in salts and the like. Maybe he had expected too much from a girl raised New England style. But he would never forgive his wife for calling him common. She could go ahead and get her divorce. He wouldn't contest it. After all, he had his freedom; many a married man would envy him that.

AND one day, after a spare-rib and sauerkraut lunch, topped off with strawberry shortcake, Jimmy went out and played eighteen holes of golf. He got terribly tired—hungry too, so he sat at the table a long time—there was nothing else to do. He felt *awful* queer—pains through his torso. He tried his old tested remedies for gas, but even his faithful "bi-carb" failed to rise to the occasion. He rang for the maid, but she was hurrying to keep a heavy date and didn't seem particularly sympathetic. The pains rapidly became more insistent. It would be terrible to die in a hotel room all alone—the coroner would be sure to call it suicide. Stomach misery and a yearning for Martha—and an hour later, a private ambulance deposited this miserable man at the hospital. A nurse, calm, immaculate like his wife, made him comfortable. In a room shining and white, with everything in place, he felt quiet and relaxed.

An earnest interne asked him some questions: where he lived, what his business was, did he have any near relatives he wished notified. At that he turned his head away. One can't blame a man for anything when he's sick. The nurse was smart and pretended not to notice, but that morning, about 3:00 a. m., when resistance is low, Jimmy told her all about it.

When the message arrived, Martha became elated, defensive, all at once. Jimmy had telegraphed her not to go on with the divorce case. He had come around at last. She knew he would. Again his irritating weaknesses took tangible form. She opened the yellow envelope and immediately became hysterical. Men often died of acute indigestion. "Oh God, if you let Jimmy live I'll give him anything he wants, let him do anything he pleases," and the word "common" kept repeating itself over and over.

These mental processes were not solely the result of fright, for Martha had begun to think, always an illuminating process: Helen Joy's house, Sally Lou's body, Jack's constant laugh—thought compelling, all three.

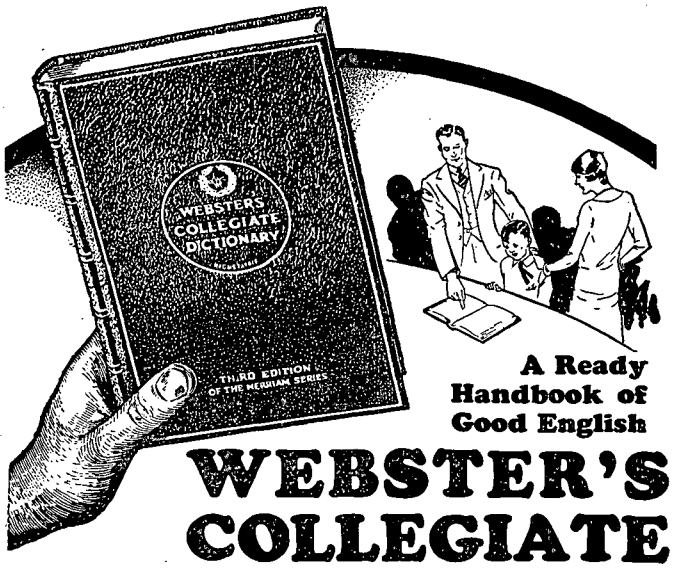
Arriving at the hospital, Martha tremblingly asked how her husband was. "Not serious." Women are queer, for this one immediately got mad all over again. But when she saw Jimmy, white and thin, something broke inside. Plate doilies, immaculate rooms, ribbon hair-receivers, spotless linoleum—things all of them. What did they mean anyway? She slipped down by the bed and held his head in her arms. She really kissed him—about her first voluntary caress. "Jimmy, I've been a fool—nothing matters but you—"

"Listen, Martha, when it comes to acting the fool I didn't take any back seat either." And Jimmy acted surprisingly healthy.

Events followed quickly—hospital custards for the husband who loved meat, employment for the moving-man, who sniffed at Jimmy's junk, orders to the colored maid to dismantle one room.

A hotel room—an emotional storm, enforced vacations, gas pains, who knows?

Be that as it may, the record undoubtedly would have read: "Divorce petition dismissed. Case adjusted satisfactorily."



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THE VISION THAT CAME TO THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

(*Continued from page 11*)

board. There were to be no permanent chairmen. The other forty delegates were to be broken up into five grievance committees to act in rotation, when any grievance came up. These delegates in addition to being members of the grievance committees were also to act as assistant sergeant-at-arms, while the executive committee was to select the sergeant-at-arms who was to be in general control of peace and order among the prisoners, with power to deputize an assistant sergeant in case of emergency.

During all of this time, all sorts of rumors were flying back and forth in the prison, and at the same time a great deal of intense educational work was going forward. The guards in the shops generally permitted the delegates to report to their men the nature of the ideas that were being propagated at the convention. It became clear that the prisoners' organization would in some way have to attempt to handle the problems of violence, escape, immorality, and "dope," which are the four most serious problems that any prison has to deal with. And it was the consensus of opinion that the problems which until now had been solely the concern of the warden and his officials had now become the big problem of the prison community.

ON January 11, all the prisoners were called together in chapel. They sat with hands folded, their faces pale and solemn, with the guards standing about, listening to the report of self-government in prison to be made up by and for prisoners. On request of one of the men, they had the privilege of talking for ten minutes, and then the by-laws were adopted by acclamation. The next day membership blanks were distributed, and 1350 prisoners joined the new organization, thus becoming citizens of the first prison democracy. From this membership a poll list was prepared for the elections three days later. These were very close—49 chosen from over 100 voted for.

Chapel, that next Sunday, was still formally the same prison routine—nothing had changed externally, the guards were still in control; the silence rule had, as yet, not been abrogated; men were still being sent to the cooler for petty offences . . . but there was a changed atmosphere. After the prisoners were seated the elected delegates of the different companies marched in two by two, and their constituents cheered. The warden read the oath of office and the forty-nine delegates responded, "Yes."

> You solemnly promise that you will do all in your power to promote in every way the true welfare of the men confined in Auburn Prison; that you will cheerfully obey the rules and regulations of the duly constituted prison authorities and that you will endeavor in every way to promote friendly feeling, good conduct. and fair dealing among both officers and men to the end that each man after serving the briefest possible term of imprisonment may go forth with renewed strength and courage to face the world again. All this you promise faithfully to endeavor. So help you God.

The inmates, organized as a community, were now free to attempt to build up a government within the walls that would serve their needs. It was dangerous and delicate treading. The executive board of nine members was elected and on February 4 the first case came before one of the grievance committees—a fight. There was a demand for a legal defense in court but such a formal system of trials was held to be undesirable. In this first case, the accused prisoners "lied like troopers." Witnesses, however, were available and brought out the facts. The men changed their testimony and told what happened—telling the truth and convicting themselves of the charges against them. One was dismissed from the office of delegate and both were suspended from the League. In view of their attitude, and in view of the fact that the first general meeting of the League was to take place, the last part of the sentence was remitted.

The prisoners' organization had its first real test on February 12, 1914. On that day they again marched into the chapel and this time came not with guards, but under their own officers. The responsible official was not the principal keeper but the sergeant-at-arms, a young Brooklyn gang leader who had been chosen as the disciplinary officer of the League. The men seated themselves like ordinary human being in any assembly, talking to each other as men do when they are together, laughing. They listened to a program provided by Osborne, mainly music. For 104 years Sunday had been the gray day of the week when every man was locked up all day long in his cell and here on this February Sunday, these men came together, under their own organization, to listen to a program of their own choosing.

The meeting over, the men returned to their cells under their own delegates, just as they had left them—with better discipline and in better humor than that prison, which for more than a century had been as silent as the grave, had ever seen. That evening the electric lights went out for a few seconds. Not a whisper was heard from the men in their cells. Those familiar with American prisons know that such an exhibition of self-control is almost unbelievable. When the lights go out the men rave and yell and screech. But on this night, at least, not a sound.

This Sunday meeting became a regular affair. On Washington's Birthday the members of the League gave a minstrel show prepared by themselves, and a month later repeated it for the benefit of the prison guards, their friends and families.

The men had now won the right to organize, the right to meet at least once a week in the chapel under their own governing body, and the right to discipline, by suspension and expulsion, members of their organization who abused the privileges accorded them. But in spite of the good feeling, friction between the administration and the prisoners continued. The old machinery of the prison was still grinding its regular routine. Prisoners were now being punished by both the warden and the grievance committees. The men began to grumble and the situation was heading towards a crisis. The warden, after discussion with Osborne, agreed to face the issue by surrendering control over discipline within the prison, except in five cases: assault upon an officer, deadly assault upon another inmate, refusal to work, strike, and attempt to escape.

With these reservations the prisoners were offered complete control of discipline within the walls. But they were not prepared to accept it. The responsibility was too great, and the dislike and suspicion that had arisen from the double punishments contributed to a feeling of hesitancy. The outcome was a mass meeting, and an interesting one it was, too. Here they were, fourteen hundred prisoners, assembled under their own officers, with only two outsiders present, Osborne and a member of the Board of Parole. From two to six p. m., they discussed whether or not the prisoners as a body should take over functions that from time out of mind had reposed in the hands of the prison officials. A detention room was fitted up for men charged with minor infractions of discipline, grievance committees were to meet twice daily, and members of the League were to report a man doing anything detrimental to the interests of the League or the whole body of the men. The members argued back and forth the question whether or not they would assume responsibility for regulating violations and inflicting punishment. The fact that such a discussion was possible was, in itself, amazing; but so far had the community spirit advanced that it took place without any evil results. At the close the "ayes" on the warden's proposition came from nearly every man in the chapel.

WITH this troublesome question out of the way the League was ready to assume other tasks. The Sunday afternoons in chapel were beneficial and deeply appreciated by the men, but summer was rapidly approaching. As Memorial Day came along plans were made for athletic contests in the yard between the prisoners from the north and south wings. The men in Auburn prison, in all its history, had never been allowed out in the yard in a body and the possibilities involved were grave. That they themselves were not sure of what was going to happen when all of the prisoners were turned loose for the first time to meet friends—but also enemies—is indicated by this letter from a prisoner, written nearly ten years after the event:

> I will never forget the first day we had yard liberty at Auburn. I was there that day . . . when T. G., the oldest "screw" in Auburn

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at that time, stood by my side, an "old timer" and said: "Good God, S., who would ever believe this a few years ago." That was all T. said but it was enough. He meant by that, that heretofore the "outside world" as well as the "inside world" would believe nothing but grudges, sores, and unpleasantries, would be wiped out within the next hour . . . as soon as J. found T., or B. found B., . . . and by heavens, I believed as G. did. Well, I kept my eyes open and if a battle royal started I sure would have sent a few to the hospital with broken skulls. For I had found an iron bolt in front of the boiler shop and would have put it to use. But, thanks to a level headed crew headed by M. and D., assisted by 50 per cent of the boys, Peace and Harmony was the order of the day, and so it continued during my stay in Auburn.

In the meantime other things were changing. The strained relations between the officers and men were disappearing, the prisoners were acquiring experience in self-government and gradually assuming wider powers and functions. Here at last was a prison administration that did not rely upon the old cruelties, the old suppressions, the old embittering and debasing practices. These were gone. Discipline was better than before; the very atmosphere of the place seemed changed. There was good humor and good cheer. There was optimism and activity. Men were allowed to talk and to play, to laugh and to sing, to gather in groups in the yard, and to walk about. They could not only play baseball and pitch horseshoes, but in general behave within the prison like ordinary human beings. A curious and unexpected freedom and self-restraint had developed.

IN spite of the cynicism and derision of those addicted to the ancient order, the convicted men at Auburn went from one moral victory to another. The very guards became converted to the new way of handling the institution. A profound spiritual change seemed to have been worked in the very fiber of the old prison. Such an outcome could not be kept from the world. It spread abroad and awakened profound interest and hope.

An Auburn guard could write that in his sixteen years' experience "it has never been so pleasant for me as it is now"; and the following paragraphs from a prisoner's letter tells the prisoners' side of the story. The author was Canada Blackie, whose tragic story has already been told in detail by Mr. Osborne and Mrs. Field. The letter was written to Donald Lowrie, after Canada Blackie's release from his dark cell, where he had been for nearly two of the five years he spent in solitary confinement. There we know he had kept his reason by throwing the buttons from his clothing against the wall and then crawling on his hands and knees hunting for them. This in part is what he wrote:

Auburn Prison
June 3, 1914.

Dear Friend Don: The above is the date of my new birthday. After five years of living death in solitary, I have been resurrected again; making my second time on earth, as it were. So you see I was right when I said: "A man can come back." On the evening of the third Mr. Osborne came to my door and as the officer who accompanied him inserted the key to spring my lock, Mr. Osborne said, "Get your coat and cap, old fellow, I want you to come with me and see something worth while."

After traversing the corridor of the isolation building, we came to the double locked doors—two of them—which lead directly into the main prison yard. As we stepped into the pure air I felt as though I wanted to bite chunks out of it; but the first deep inhale made me dizzy. On rounding the end of the cloth shop, we came into full view of the most wonderful, as well as beautiful, sight I have ever seen in prison—or outside either, for that matter . . . fourteen hundred men turned loose in a beautiful park. For years previous . . . these same men whom I now saw running in and out among beautiful flower-beds and playing like a troop of boys out of school had been harnessed as it were to the machines in their respective shops without even the privilege of saying good night or good morning to their nearest neighbor. . . .

Among the first things I noticed was a ring of the boys formed around something, I could not see what. Mr. Osborne, in answer to my question, said it was a party of Italian lads waltzing. Just then some one stepped out of the ring, leaving a space through which I could see the boys dancing to their hearts' content. . . .

On the way up the walk, I shake hands with many of the boys, who come running up to extend a kind greeting. Some birthday, eh, Don? All along the line we pass bunches of the fellows, some dancing, others playing stringed instruments, and out on the lawn are hundreds throwing hand ball. Arriving at the upper end of the park, we all go over to lounge on the lawn. I wish I could convey to you the feeling that came (*Continued on page 55*)

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Traveler's Notebook

Reflections on Vacations

THIS is an opportune time, now that the summer is over, to clear my chest of a funny feeling caused by vacations. You long for them and then you wonder, even worry, about what to do with them. If they are short, they're not long enough really to do anything; and if they are long, they cost so. It is Will Rogers who likes to make the statement that "there ought to be a law against anybody going to Europe till they had seen the things we have in this country." Now I'm a Will Rogers man (even though I'm a woman), but I just can't back him on that. My slogan would be less law and more travel and of course it is a splendid thing to see your own country first. But why doesn't he start a campaign to bring travel, especially in the United States, within the budget of the everyday layman? For instance, I was all set to spend a couple of months exploring the Pacific Coast—until I got down to the railroad company and rates. Traveling very modestly would have come to between six and seven hundred dollars—so I compromised and took a twelve day trip to Bermuda instead at a cost of two hundred! The nation's traveling appetite has been whetted and waits impatiently for some ingenious, enterprising outfit to feed it.

As for Bermuda. If you can divest yourself of New York (or wherever you come from), and all it represents, you get a sense of living in a mammoth, botanical garden, where you know beauty, peace, and serenity of a sort that only flowers, plants, and trees can create. And Bermuda offers twenty-six miles of them. In such an atmosphere, such twentieth century complications as traffic, crime, prohibition, unemployment et al. have something of the remoteness, if not the glamor, of a Greek drama!

To be sure it is not only, and always, a question of finances, but oftentimes of where to go. There is no lack of beaten trails, but oh for the intimacy and adventure of the byways! A letter just received from Bessie Bacon Goodrich of the Des Moines, Iowa, Department of Education, is very pat. After enduring a temperature of 100 to 106 degrees for weeks, she felt she must run away, and drove to McGregor, a town on the Mississippi River, in the northeastern part of the state. Clearly here is an area which should be in all our geographies. It is a part of a National Wild Life and Fish Refuge and a paradise for birds, both land and water. Its prehistoric story is no less facinating than its scenic wonders. But surpassing these is the Wild Life School, where a group of scientists conducts classes from August 5 to 17 each year. Anyone may attend, from the baby to the grandfather. And they come, not in crowds but only those who love it. Botany, archaeology, geology, Indian lore, bird life, astronomy—and this doesn't give the entire range of topics. "I am afraid I shall find it hard work to keep away from there another year," our visitor writes. On the way home she happened on a quaint little Bohemian village and came to know a charming lover of music, a woman who cherishes the memories of the evenings when Dvorâk came to her home and played upon her little organ. He had composed his Humoresque and part of the New World Symphony in that vicinity. And in casting about the countryside she came upon two farmers, descendents of woodcarvers, who had fashioned most fascinating clocks, so many that they had to build a separate building in which to keep them. The work is not done to sell but for the pure joy of it when the day's farm tasks are done. Now so many people come to see the collection that they charge ten cents for the privilege. For further information address the Commercial Club of McGregor.

JANET SABLOFF

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(*Continued from page* 53) to me as I felt the green yielding grass under my feet. I felt as though I wanted to roll right over; . . . I have not had any grass to stretch out on for over twelve years. . . .

After spending a very happy evening, the bugle sounded assembly. Mr. Osborne, who hunted me up, said, "Come along, old chap, I want you to see how nice the boys march in." . . . On both sides of the park the men had formed in double columns on the smooth concrete walks. This gives each man a full view of the beautiful flower beds and Old Glory floating in her place at the top of the pole. When the men were all in place, there comes a sudden hush, and then from away up on the extreme right-hand corner from where we stand comes the sweet strains of The Star Spangled Banner and as the flag dips her, "Good Night, boys," and is slowly lowered, each inmate and officer bares his head in all honor to her colors. The music ceases, and I hear in a soft voice, "All right J.," and J., an inmate and delegate of the League, just as softly gives his command, "'Bout Face." His company turns as one man; and then another soft, "Forward, march," and away they swing into their cell halls in true military style. After watching several companies run in, Mr. Osborne and I start back to where I belong. In doing this we have to pass between two lines of hundreds of men. As we reach about mid-way, the boys start a hand clapping. They all recognize the kindness Mr. Osborne has bestowed upon me, and show him their appreciation in this manner; to me their hearty, "Good night, J.," "Cheer up, old man," coming from all down the line, was good to hear. Arriving at my quarters, Mr. Osborne extends his hand and bids me a pleasant, "Good night," and thus ends my birthday into a new and I hope better life. Big man? You bet D. Tell it to all the good folks out there, won't you?

Oh, yes! I nearly forgot a very important event. As Mr. Osborne and I were talking, a young fellow came running up and said: "Mr. Osborne, I wish you would try to understand about that coat. Truly I meant no harm." Mr. Osborne turned a smiling face to the lad and said: "It's all right, my boy, I know." The young fellow thanked him and then scampered back to his play. Truly this man holds us all in the palm of his hand. The incident of the coat must have been trivial, left it where it should not be, or something like that—but the young fellow's sense of honor compelled him to make an apology; and I thought, if they think the little things important enough to ask forgiveness for, it's a certainty that they will be very careful and hesitate before committing anything serious. And that young fellow's attitude, *I feel sure,* expressed the sentiment of all now domiciled in this old battered ship of state. . . .

A SOUTHERN TEXTILE EPOCH

(*Continued from page* 20)

ment. Bernard knew that the three thousand looms in a single room in his White Oak plant soon would have shaken down the building had they not been placed in opposing directions. He made the mistake of thinking that the people in front of the looms could be controlled in somewhat the same fashion. Their ignorance and stupidity could be capitalized for a time through a Ku Klux Klan, a revival, a cheap movie, or some gratuitous favor, but sooner or later a growing problem of bread and butter or human ambition would upset the stoutest of paternalistic traditions.

"I'm tired of living out there where everything is done for you," insisted a plumber who had escaped from the psychological and physical burden of the mill village. He had been repairing the humidifiers in the spinning-room which aid the spinning of cotton, although they contribute to respiratory disorders of the workers. "There's no running water in the houses—no plumbing problems there—my wife had to carry all her water from a neighbor's hydrant."

The strike was settled after a week of idleness through the mediation of an aged physician who had served the mill people for years and had thus in a sense been on the company payroll. The exhortations of Bernard, who addressed the strikers outside the enclosed factory, had had no effect. He abused certain "outsiders" who had been saying things about his mills which were not so, and referred to the many favors which he had performed, but his words came from different lips than those of his elder brothers and they fell on different ears.

On a Monday morning the great whistles blew and the wheels once more began to turn. Accumulated carloads of cotton were unloaded by Negroes and trucked to the bale-breakers, where other Negroes (*Continued on page* 58)

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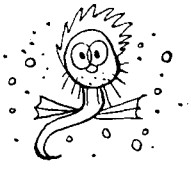

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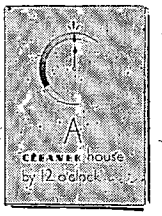

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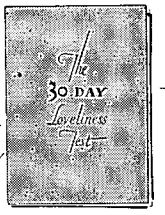

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(*Continued from page* 55) loaded the soiled white produce into the hungry machines. This, and one or two other unskilled occupations about the mill, were the only places where colored workers were tolerated. Negro hands may plant, cultivate, harvest, bale and unbale cotton, but they may not go with it through the long process of fluffing, blowing, heating, and combing. Neither may they man the machines which pull the cotton, doubling and redoubling the strands as in a taffy-pulling process. In front of the slubber and speeder machines which prepare the cotton for the spindles, stand white men. Looking down the long aisles in the spinning-room one sees mostly women, sometimes with a handkerchief tied over their nostrils, and frequently with a snuff stick protruding from their mouths, like children with their all-day suckers.

Like approaching a distant waterfall, the trip of the cotton from the bale-breaker through the intervening rooms to the looms, represents a continuous increment of sound. The machinery seems to accelerate the process step by step until there is an indescribable confusion of movement and sound as the cotton takes its final plunge over the brink in the weave-room. The rapids passed, the finished textile comes into the comparative calm and quiet of the inspection and packing rooms. The operation is repeated in the factory where the denim is made into overalls—another waterfall in the stream of commerce.

The operatives in the Cone mills and the other striking and non-striking hoards of cotton mill workers in the South today know nothing about the Industrial Revolution created by steam and the complicated machinery invented in England. The names of Hargreaves, Crompton, and Creighton are strange to them, nor do they share the sentiment of Richard Arkwright, the barber of Deansgate, who said when he gave his spinning rollers to the world that he had "by great study and long application invented a piece of machinery never before found out, which would be of great utility to many manufacturers as well as to his Majesty's subjects in general, by employing a great number of poor people to work the said machinery." They know well enough that they are employed, but they would guffaw at the paragraph in Bernard's book which said "there is nothing humdrum in these machines. For the worker, each machine has acquired a personality of its own and some of them are their daily care and especial pet."

The workers only know that they are residents in a community which has none of the advantages or responsibilities of the ordinary "home town," and that they labor long hours in noisy, lint-laden rooms where they have no voice, literally and figuratively. They may know little about socialism and communism, but it is comprehensible if they feel a strange warmth and kinship with the young radical who adventures into the land of tar and feathers to lead their cause.

FAMINE AND FAMINE RELIEF IN CHINA

(*Continued from page* 31)

railways, and similar services, have amounted to at least as much as the total contributed from abroad for relief work in this famine.

What has been done with this money? Most of it—practically all of that handled through purely Chinese sources, and a large part of that from abroad—has gone into what is called "direct free relief," that is the maintenance of soup kitchens, refuges for famine victims and similar efforts directed exclusively toward keeping as many people alive as possible during this immediate famine emergency and without any reference to what would happen to these people after the relief work stopped, or to preventing the recurrence of famines in the future. It is impossible to say how many lives have been saved by such means. Between three and four million probably would be a fair estimate—which means that the death toll has been something over eight million instead of the eleven or twelve million which it was during the great famine of 1876-77 in China.

Lack of transportation, particularly on the railroads, has made this and other forms of relief work more difficult and somewhat more costly than it would have been if the railways had been running at 100 per (*Continued on page* 61)

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(*Continued from page* 58) cent efficiency, if more motor cars had been available, if carts and the animals to haul them had not been destroyed in such large numbers in the previous years of disturbances. But the work went on nevertheless, and certainly the handicaps have been no greater than those which were met and overcome in the splendid relief work which Americans did in Russia during that country's recent famine. The disturbances during the actual famine period in China have not hindered the work materially; the officials have cooperated in such ways as they could, and even the bandits have left relief workers and supplies alone.

In fact, the records show that in the relief work carried on by the China International Famine Relief Commission, which has involved the expenditure of approximately two million dollars, the total losses that could be attributed to the disturbed conditions in China have amounted to less than five hundred dollars.

Free relief, however, is not the only kind that has been carried on. In some of the famine areas relief has been given in the form of providing labor for famine victims—the "labor relief" method, as it is called. This has been utilized in connection with relief-and-prevention undertakings which save lives during this famine and at the same time safeguard the future.

The system is this: surveys and other investigations are made, or data already available is used, to determine where, in famine-stricken areas, an irrigation system can be put in to advantage, or wells dug, or a road built, or dikes constructed to prevent floods, or some other project carried out which will involve the use of considerable labor and contribute to the economic improvement of the region. When some such project has been selected, laborers are recruited from among the famine victims. Generally those chosen are men who still are able to work, who have families, and who prefer to earn the help they get rather than to beg it at some soup kitchens. Arrangements are made to put these men to work and pay them, usually in food, enough for themselves and their families. The wage is sufficient to provide subsistance but not to attract workers who can find any other means of making a living, since the primary purpose is to provide famine relief. Then the work starts. Supplementing the labor relief as circumstances make desirable, gruel kitchens and other direct relief projects are carried on.

The idea of helping famine victims and at the same time contributing to the prevention of future famines by providing labor relief along these lines, and the methods for doing it have developed out of experience in the 1920-21 famine, and the study of relief problems and further experience in the years which followed. Americans have been largely instrumental in formulating policies along this line, and in so doing they have been working out the application to this field of the social work principles now being applied in the relief of the needy in the United States.

The gruel kitchen type of relief, it was found in China, produced certain far from satisfactory results. People were kept alive, but they were pauperized. Moreover, because they were given barely enough food to keep them alive, so that what relief food was available might go as far as possible, they were left at the end of the famine in such poor physical condition that they scarcely could resume their regular work even if they wanted to do that instead of begging. Cold weather and diseases due to continued undernourishment also took heavy toll of those fed on a starvation ration, both during and after the famine. And, of course, nothing was accomplished toward preventing future famines.

On the other hand, by providing labor relief, pauperization and its socially harmful consequences could be avoided, at least a reasonable number of the famine victims—those who had been at work—would be in fairly good physical condition when the famine was over, and, by no means least important, definite progress could be made toward ending famines.

The labor relief method has what seems to some, one serious drawback. It is impossible, by this method, to make relief funds go quite as far in saving lives immediately as by direct relief. Men at work must have more food than men who simply exist from one day's gruel kitchen meal to the next. Labor relief projects require more supervision than free relief. For irrigation systems, wells, and so on, something must be spent for essential materials. All these considerations mean that money must be diverted to uses other (*Continued on page* 64)

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to
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(*Continued from page* 61) than buying food for the starving.

Experience has shown, however, that in the long run many more lives are saved by providing labor relief on relief-and-prevention undertakings than by direct relief, and that even the immediate savings of life through labor relief are between 80 per cent and 85 per cent of the savings by free relief. Even this difference probably is in large measure made up when one takes into account the many who receive soup-kitchen aid but who die in the months immediately following the end of the famine itself because long-continued lack of nourishment reduces their vitality to so low a level.

The difference is much more than made up when the future is taken into account. Let me cite one of many illustrations. The famine of 1920-21 was particularly severe in two neighboring areas in Chihli province—Taming and Ting Hsien. Both of these for decades had suffered from lack of adequate rainfall; both were chronically poor. Practically all of the money for relief work in the Taming region went into direct free relief. Lives were saved. But this section has remained poor; three partial crop failures since the famine have caused much hardship and taken not a few lives; and the 1928-30 famine again caused many deaths in this region.

In the Ting Hsien region some of the relief money of 1920-21 was used to provide labor for digging wells. About two thousand wells were sunk. Somewhat fewer people were actually kept alive at that time than would have been if all the money had gone into direct free relief. But the wells have made that region prosperous. There have been no crop failures since they were dug. And during the present famine this section stood out like an oasis of greenness amid its parched and famine-stricken surroundings. There can be no doubt that these wells in the Ting Hsien area have saved, in the nine years since they were put down, many more lives than were sacrificed in 1920-21 because money then was put into this labor-relief project. And the life-saving usefulness of the wells will continue indefinitely. There will be no more famines around Ting Hsien.

Nor is this saving of lives the only aspect of the whole problem that is significant. The fundamental cause of the continuing political and military chaos in China is the extremely poor economic condition of the people generally. The most effective means of bringing orderly and stable government is not to talk about political theories, or the interchange of civilizations, but to raise the standard of living of the people. If that can be done, definite progress toward orderly conditions can be made; until it is done, politico-military disorganization is likely to continue on a serious scale. The poverty of the peasants practically forces thousands of the young men to turn soldier—or bandit—as the only means of getting a living. Then they live off the country—making the condition of the peasants still worse.

Moreover, the only really effective way of getting out of the armies most of the 2,500,000 soldiers now in China is to find some means whereby they can get food by working. Talking about disbandment, even paying the men off and turning them loose, will not solve the problem of freeing China from this crushing burden.

It all forms a vicious circle. But the circle can be broken by putting through undertakings which will provide work for the needy, and at the same time insure adequate supplies of water—or protection from floods—so that the people will be able to raise the food they need. There are scores of practicable projects of this sort. Experience has shown that they can be carried out in spite of present disturbances—and on a sound business basis providing for the return in due course and with good interest of the money advanced for the work.

Furthermore, help in such undertakings is good business—for even a small improvement in the per capita buying power of the Chinese means a very large increase in the total buying power of the nation.

The Chinese demonstrated, during the 1928-30 famine, that they are increasingly ready to aid their own people in times of need. Ultimately, of course, the Chinese authorities should and must shoulder the full responsibility for carrying out public works calculated to end famines and raise the economic level of the people. They are not yet able to do this, in spite of the great need. There is plenty of opportunity for American help—and if that help be given along soundly constructive lines, not only will it do much to save individual human lives during the present crisis but also it will serve definitely to contribute to the ending of famines in China.

CONTRASTS IN A POST-WAR GENERATION

(*Continued from page* 25)

other irrelevant. This reaction is in part instinctive and in part self-conscious. The son shrugs his shoulders at the watchwords that thrilled his father but out of his more fragmentary experience searches desperately for new ones to meet his own need.

The wisdom in the ancient phrase "the great god liveth and never groweth old," may save the situation if the generations pool our increasing knowledge. Because we are conscious that all we know of this strange old world is that which has passed through the human mind, we will find that our intellectual interests may become part of its texture. If we continue to unite our unremitting efforts to organize for a more reasonable life upon the earth's surface, we will gradually make possible the utilization of a new dynamic. We will almost inevitably begin to grope our way towards what our generation calls human brotherhood; but which the post-war generation would, I am sure, rather designate as a wider participation in life.

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